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EDITORIAL

A TEST FOR *PERESTROIKA*

It's unlikely that Nagorno-Karabakh will enter English discourse as prominently as *perestroika* and *glasnost* have. But the recent violent demonstrations in two Soviet republics, which have drawn world attention to the demands of Armenians in the Nagorno-Karabakh region of Azerbaijan for incorporation into the Armenian Republic, are testing the durability of the key words in Mikhail Gorbachev's democratic lexicon.

That the Soviet leader is aware of what's at stake is clear in his statement, read over Radio Armenia last month, calling for a cooling-off period so that the dispute could be resolved by negotiation rather than by repression. During a meeting with two Armenian writers, another of Gorbachev's appeals to reform-minded intellectuals, over the heads of party functionaries who resist change, he warned that the demonstrations were "stabbing *perestroika* in the back."

Despite the complex and longstanding religious and economic enmity between the two ethnic groups in Azerbaijan, the Armenians' demonstrations have invoked the spirit of *perestroika.* On the streets of Yerevan protesters carried placards reading, "Karabakh is a test of *perestroika*" and "Self-determination is not extremism." The resolution passed by the Karabakh Soviet on February 20, calling for incorporation into Armenia, was not only an unprecedented expression of nationalism; it was in accord with Gorbachev's commitment to give such local bodies more independence.

Armenians have been unsuccessfully petitioning the Politburo for the incorporation of Karabakh since 1964. Gorbachev has heard their pleas now, but conservative party leaders, already critical of his economic reforms, may pressure him to wield the Stalinist mailed fist. In that case, *perestroika* and *glasnost* could be on their way to becoming [*Obs.*] or [*Archaic*].

LENINISM IN WASHINGTON
Alexander Cockburn

REFORM HITS LOUISIANA
Lance Hill

MY CENSOR
Slavenka Drakulić

TV PREACHERS BY SATELLITE
John W. Anderson

'PUSHKIN HOUSE'
Edward J. Brown

THE DOLES
Wendy R. Gimbel

ARMS AND THE CANDIDATES

THE U.S. AND THE WORLD AFTER REAGAN

MICHAEL T. KLARE

Recent polls and the returns from the Iowa caucuses and New Hampshire primary suggest that economic and social issues hold top priority among most voters, unlike 1980, when defense and foreign policy questions loomed large in the national debate. Nevertheless, national security questions have touched off some sparks and defined areas of disagreement among the candidates. More important, the debates on these matters have placed before the country some of the important policy concerns of the post-Reagan epoch.

The shape of those future policies will be partly determined by the outcome of the election. But to a greater extent than in previous years, they will be molded by prevailing economic and political factors. For example, the jitters touched off by the October stock market crash and the clamor for action on the Federal deficit make it unlikely that the next Congress will approve any substantial increases in military spending. Popular support for arms control will deter the next administration from taking a confrontational stance toward the Soviet Union.

These constraints are part of a larger pattern of political and economic change throughout the world. The postwar global order based on American military and economic hegemony is giving way to a more diffuse and fluid system, one in which political and economic power are more widely distributed. The Reagan Administration attempted to resist these changes through a program of cold war militarism and economic manipulation, but the potential of these palliatives has been exhausted. As a result, the next

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LETTERS.

TALK THIS WAY

Montreal

As a final-year student in an honors English B.A. program at a respected university, I want to commend you for missing the thrash-the-kids bandwagon. Your double whammy of articles ["The Book of Lists," by Deborah Meier and Florence Miller, and "What They Do Know," by Etta Mooser, Jan. 9] against the back-to-humanism trend of educators was accurate, balanced, incisive—in a word, right-on.

I am a product of the American public school system; I scored higher than 80 percent on both the Ravitch-Finn test and the Laguna Beach test; and I was one of those notorious 13-year-olds, popularized by Allan Bloom, who did their homework to the "orgiastic rhythms" of a "drag queen" (Lou Reed in my case, the Stones were passé). I am now writing a thesis on *The Canterbury Tales*, which would have been impossible if not for the lessons on prosody (Grandmaster Flash), metaphor (Billy Bragg) and rhetoric (The Clash), which I received in the schoolyard of my high school. The often-bemoaned skewed values of our twentieth-century world, *Spenser for Hire* over Edmund Spenser, entertainment over education, novelty over tradition, seem the work of Golden Age pedants (whose lily-white chivalric ideals were reactionary and nostalgic even in Shakespeare's century) more than the realities of the American cultural landscape. These traditional ideals were never possible dreams for anyone whose high school was built of concrete, with only spray paint for ivy. What we did know is that for every historical date we learned, another moment of the present was lost to us; that for every book of the English tradition we read, another wedge was driven between our immigrant past and our homogenized future; that for every hour we spent listening to our culture berated as "barbaric," another hope of possible creativity was trashed, as the nuclear clock ticked toward midnight.

I now "study" the English tradition (brought to life by a professor who recovered for us the Wife of Bath's "queynte" from the *Norton Anthology*'s gloss, revealing that even the most venerable progenitor of that tradition depends on street smarts as much as classroom smarts). But—Bloom watch out—I'm learning more about the tradition's potentials for subversion than its hegemonic authority: Indeed, "who peyntede the leon, tel me who?" Ravitch, Finn and Bloom's "history" and "English" stand in stark contrast to the history we live and the English we speak every day. But this need not be so: When "history" is taught, are the parallels drawn between the 1380 English peasant revolt and the revolts of 1980 Tottingham, Soweto, South Bronx? When we are taught Shakespeare's dynamic wordplay, the Elizabethan revitalization of the English language, are we encouraged to look at the rap of Kool Herc for other examples of the beauty, the potency, the versatility of our "glorious tongue"? Surely the purpose of education is to learn understanding, community, human harmony. But, I ask in my best Ciceronian diction, does that human community build understanding and harmony on a reactionary pedagogy that excludes our culture, our world, our very lives, from the properly "worthwhile" annals of "history" and "English"?

The lessons of a worn humanism, the need for a progressive creativity in this "up-so doun" world, the need for a fulfilling public sphere, the respect for difference and the need to find real worth especially in that difference are not lost on today's students. We learned the possibilities of harmony within difference, not through lectures on Eliot but through the radio, listening to Run DMC's rap-meets-heavy-metal guitar.

Perhaps it's time for Ravitch, Finn and Bloom to learn to "walk this way." As the other literary Bloom (the real one) taught over half a century ago, traditions are animated by living streets, not vice versa. If Allan Bloom et al. learned to walk properly on their streets, be they in Dublin, Chicago, New York, even (I suppose) Washington, they might be less eager to fill our heads with dead history and traditional English.

"We need to know the writing of the past," wrote Adrienne Rich, "and know it differently than we have ever known it; not to pass on a tradition but to break its hold over us." The kids *are* all right. And if our "educators" would get off their damn podiums, maybe we could all learn something.

Scott Black

BAD NEWS

Berkeley, Calif.

James Lardner, as far as he went, wrote a fine review of *Broadcast News* ["Films," Jan. 23]. But even he neglected to point out the poor quality of the news clips actually produced by the two "smart" news people, Jane Craig and Aaron Altman.

In one clip, Jane is in the jungle with the *contras*. When an assistant sets up a photo opportunity (a *contra* lacing up a new pair of boots), Jane intervenes, tells the *contra* he can do what he likes, and then tapes him lacing up those same boots. She reports that these hardworking guerrillas have got nothing but boots from the United States; later she gets some shots of the freedom fighters under fire; and that's it! She signs out, packs up and flies home. This is smart reporting? For such snappy propaganda, she should get an invitation to lunch at the White House!

As for the brilliant Aaron Altman, he is an expert on the Libyan terrorist Muammar el-Qaddafi. You know he is brilliant because he is able to recite interesting facts about this madman over the phone to Jane, even as she feeds these tidbits live to Tom Grunick.

You know instinctively that such a man would win big on *Jeopardy*, but do you really trust him telling you what is happening in North Africa? For one thing, it never crossed Aaron's mind to consider Administration motives in challenging Qaddafi. This was typical of the media during the real-life attacks on Libya and the invasion of Grenada.

Craig and Altman exemplify the shallow and all-too-often toadying reportage we've come to expect, and yet reviewers have generally assumed that Tom Grunick is the incompetent newsman. But Tom is the one who comes up with the only decent story, on date-rape. His only sin is that he is a nice guy, dumb but humble, and very charming. (Is that so offensive to intelligent people?) And he faked a tear.

He faked a tear! So what? Obviously he cared about his story. He took the time to sit down and listen to a woman talk, whereas Jane and Aaron barely had time to spit out their own stories, much less listen to the people in their stories, or in their lives.

Indeed, the irrational development of the ethics-in-journalism theme made me wonder if director James Brooks did not, with devilishly subtle irony, mean to criticize his news colleagues—the Jane Craigs and Aaron Altmans, not the Tom Grunicks. If so, he has outwitted us all.

David Hsu

SPANN PRIZE

The ninth annual Bryant Spann Memorial Prize of $750 will be awarded by the Eugene V. Debs Foundation in 1988 for the best article, published or unpublished, written in the Debsian tradition of social protest and reform. For further details, write to the Bryant Spann Memorial Prize Committee, c/o The Department of History, Indiana State University, Terre Haute, IN 47809. Please include a stamped, addressed envelope.

CORRECTIONS

In Marjorie Hope and James Young's article, "Who Cares for the Mentally Ill?" [Dec. 26, 1987/Jan. 2, 1988], the estimates of what the United States could save under a national health program are $29.2 billion for a system like Canada's and $38.2 billion for one like Britain's.

The telephone number for the National Rainbow Coalition, for readers stimulated to call after reading the exchange of letters in the February 27 issue, is (202) 638-0580.

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EDITORIALS.

Panama: An *Aide-Mémoire*

One of the choicest of Reaganisms concerns Latin America. "You'd be surprised," he commented after a trip down south. "They're all individual countries." Someone should tell Jim Lehrer. On a recent *MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*, he asked Panamanian Ambassador Juan Sosa how much support "General Duvalier" enjoyed inside his country. Sosa, looking understandably perplexed, finally grasped that Lehrer was trying to elicit his opinion about deposed President Eric Arturo Delvalle. Panama, Haiti—they all blur together after a while in the busy newsman's mind. Since a sense of history has not been a strong point in the great Noriega flap, here are some necessary reminders.

October 1903: The first flag of the Republic of Panama, based on the Stars and Stripes, is sewn together at the Highland Falls, New York, home of the diplomat/publisher John Bigelow of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

November 1903: With the gunboats Nashville, Boston and Dixie standing by offshore to prevent the landing of Colombian troops, secessionists declare the Department of

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Panama an independent republic. The new flag is run up by Maj. William Black, of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.

March 1911: Speaking to a Berkeley, California, audience, Teddy Roosevelt recalls, "The crisis came at a period when I could act unhampered. Accordingly, I took the isthmus, started the canal and then left Congress not to debate the canal but to debate me."

1922: Author Willis J. Abbott reports on U.S.-Panamanian relations. "We Americans call him 'spiggoty' with frank contempt for his undersize, his lack of education, and for his large proportion of Negro blood. . . . [He calls us] 'gringos' and [hates us] with a deep, malevolent rancor."

October 1941: Washington acquiesces in the overthrow of elected President Arnulfo Arias, a nationalist with Axis sympathies. Adolf Berle of the State Department notes, "I don't like revolutions on principle," but this one was "probably all to the good."

1946: The U.S. Army opens its School of the Americas to train Latin American military officers. This contravenes the 1903 treaty, which says U.S. troops may be present only for the defense of the canal. Nearly 45,000 officers pass through the facility, which is soon widely known as *la escuela de golpes*—the school of coups.

1956: The United States creates the Panamanian National Guard (later to be known as the Panamanian Defense Force). It is modeled on Anastasio Somoza's National Guard in Nicaragua.

January 1964: Troops under Gen. Andrew O'Meara kill twenty-four Panamanians demanding the right to fly their flag in the Canal Zone. L.B.J.'s Latin America adviser, Thomas Mann, decides "these people need the application of a little muscle and common sense."

October 1968: Arnulfo Arias is again elected President. This time he is promptly overthrown by officers of the National Guard under its U.S.-trained commander, Col. Omar Torrijos. Washington recognizes the new junta on November 3, Panamanian Independence Day.

1974: David Rockefeller visits Panama. He notes, "Our increasingly interrelated global economy needs additional stable money centers to mobilize efficiently the very vast amounts of productive capital now flowing around the world. . . . Panama is an ideal new center in the Western Hemisphere."

April 1978: The Senate approves the Carter Administration's canal treaties. Ronald Reagan tells William F. Buckley Jr. that the treaties are evidence that, "once again, Uncle Sam put his tail between his legs and crept away rather than face trouble." Senator Bob Dole votes against the treaties (as he will hasten to remind Super Tuesday audiences ten years later).

July 1981: Torrijos dies in an unexplained plane crash.

July 1983: Gen. Manuel Noriega, C.I.A. asset, head of military intelligence, trained at the School of the Americas, takes over as Commander of the Defense Force.

May 1984: Arias is elected President yet again. This time he loses out to fraud, and the military installs his opponent, Nicolas Ardito Barletta. George Shultz attends the inauguration, welcoming "a new opportunity for Panama" and hailing Barletta as "a longtime and respected friend."

September 1985: Noriega kicks out Barletta and replaces him with Vice President Eric Arturo Delvalle. The Reagan Administration shows its displeasure by canceling a display of aerobatics by the U.S.A.F. Thunderbirds.

Moral of the story: as with the canal, so with the current crisis. We built it, we paid for it, it's ours.

White Mischief

Three years ago, when the most recent wave of racial unrest exploded in South Africa and set off the sanctions movement in the West, South Africa's Foreign Minister, Roelof Botha, smugly predicted that the West's obsession with apartheid couldn't last. He advised South Africa's whites to sit tight and wait it out. Last week South Africa emerged from the laager and flexed its muscles.

The banning of the political activities of seventeen anti-apartheid organizations is a sweeping offensive launched from a position of strength, not of desperation. It is the government's boldest legal maneuver since 1960, when it banned the African National Congress. It is an expression of the government's confidence that the Western sanctions movement has run its course. And indeed, this attack on the most basic rights of South Africa's black majority has so far been met with only a few perfunctory protests.

The essence of the ban is a masterwork of doublespeak. The seventeen organizations are not banned, but their political activities are. The inclusion of the 800,000-member Congress of South African Trade Unions under the ban is an indication of how broadly the South Africans define political activity, and it potentially nullifies years of hard-won gains by South Africa's labor unions.

The inclusion of the United Democratic Front restricts that group's nearly 3 million members in 650 affiliate organizations. Many of these are local church groups, which provide the only forums available for black South Africans to meet and organize. The measure gives Law and Order Minister Adriaan Vlok the power to include virtually any group under its broad umbrella and allows him full latitude in defining a "political activity." With a straight face, Vlok explained to reporters that the restrictions would "contribute to a climate of stability, peaceful coexistence and good neighborliness among all population groups."

The government's move was made with an eye on two elections. The first was a March 2 whites-only election in Transvaal Province, where the ruling National Party faced stiff opposition from the Nazi-like Conservative Party, which preaches total separatism. The rights of the 24 million blacks have, therefore, been trashed in deference to a lunatic fringe representing less than 10 percent of the minority white population.

The second election is scheduled for October, when the government hopes to convince blacks in the townships to vote for tribal leaders. Widespread participation would support the official apartheid dogma that blacks have full democratic rights within their own ethnic groups. Blacks in the past have boycotted such sham elections at the urging of

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nearly every organized black group in the country. Presumably, the new law would prevent any group from discouraging participation.

Ironically, the banning came at a time when the South Africans had been claiming that violence was on the wane and that security was being restored. It came as international political pressure had been relaxed, focusing on the violence in the Middle East and elsewhere. The timing of the move disproves the twin notions on which much South African propaganda is based: that international economic sanctions will have no effect on Pretoria's policy, and that the government's opposition to some black organizations is based solely on their advocacy of violence.

As Anglican Archbishop Desmond Tutu said before his arrest last week, "Peaceful paths to change are being closed off one by one, and those wanting real change are being encouraged by the government's actions to turn to violence." But, clearly, the South African regime is better prepared to confront armed struggle than peaceful democratic resistance.

The debate in South Africa, once over political rights for blacks, has been deliberately reduced to whether there is a more basic freedom to organize and speak. If it remains at this level it will be a severe setback to the antiapartheid cause, leading inevitably to frustration and bloodshed.

The vagaries of the new law grant the white regime nearly unlimited police powers, but the lengths to which South Africa will carry its repression will undoubtedly depend largely on international reaction. Predictably, the Reagan Administration has responded to the ban by reasserting its opposition to any additional U.S. sanctions. The President, in his February 24 press conference, parroted the South African government's own lame justification for apartheid, calling it "a tribal policy more than it is a racial policy."

The South African regime might have expected blind indifference from a U.S. Administration; what it got was closer to sympathetic approval. MICHAEL MAREN

Michael Maren is a New York City–based freelance writer and a contributing editor to Africa Report.

Concealed Weapon

Canberra, Australia

Unnoticed during the dazzling events of last December's Reagan-Gorbachev meetings in Washington, the U.S. Navy's justification for refusing to confirm or deny the presence of nuclear weapons on American warships was quietly blown out of the water by an offer made by General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev.

The Navy's "neither-confirm-nor-deny" policy, which has been at the heart of Washington's dispute with New Zealand, has been described as vital to keeping military secrets from the Soviet Union. Although information about which ships are nuclear-capable is a matter of public record (available from sources like *Jane's Fighting Ships*), the Navy insists that uncertainty is vital to prevent the Russians from knowing which of these ships are actually carrying nuclear weapons at any particular time. Critics such as retired Rear Adm. Gene La Rocque, director of the Center for Defense Information in Washington, have pointed out that most nuclear-capable ships are routinely armed with nuclear weapons. They have also charged that the Navy has been trying to keep information from the public rather than from the enemy, with the apparent aim of preventing mass protests against visits by U.S. ships.

Moreover, the neither-confirm-nor-deny policy has provided an incentive to hypocrisy by friendly foreign governments. Japan, for example, has since the 1960s enunciated antinuclear principles, one of which prohibits the introduction of nuclear weapons into the country. In fact, U.S. Navy ships regularly carry nuclear weapons into Japanese harbors while the Tokyo government looks the other way. Tokyo does not ask, since Washington refuses to confirm or deny.

Nearly four years ago, the New Zealand Labor government, newly elected on an antinuclear platform, challenged the Navy's policy by proclaiming a ban on both nuclear-armed and nuclear-powered ships, refusing to accept neither-confirm-nor-deny platitudes. Later, New Zealand decided that it would make its own judgment about which ships carried nuclear weapons and which did not. Some analysts noted that if New Zealand was able to determine this to its satisfaction, the Russians could surely do the same. Rather than try to live with the New Zealand decision, Washington withdrew its security guarantee to New Zealand under the Anzus Treaty (the 1951 tripartite defense pact among the United States, Australia and New Zealand) as a lesson to other allies.

At the Washington summit, Gorbachev destroyed the strategic rationale for the neither-confirm-nor-deny stance when he revealed that the Soviet Union had developed monitoring equipment capable of detecting from a distance the presence and the capacity of nuclear weapons aboard surface ships and submarines. The General Secretary said that he had offered to share the technology with the United States to assist in establishing verification procedures for arms control agreements between the two superpowers. Following the summit, Michael Guhin, counselor of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, visiting Canberra to brief Australian officials, confirmed that such technology exists, but insisted that countermeasures could thwart such monitoring techniques.

Researchers have long suspected the truth. In 1983 the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute published a paper on the "Technical Feasibility of the Detection of Nuclear Weapons," prompted in part by the effort to detect nuclear weapons on a Soviet submarine stranded in Swedish waters in October 1981; and in 1986 a study for the Strategic and Defence Studies Centre at Australian National University in Canberra also concluded that it was likely that the technology existed. But neither study could back up its conclusions with solid evidence. Gorbachev has now confirmed their speculation. PETER VAN NESS

Peter Van Ness is a senior research fellow in the Research School of Pacific Studies of the Australian National University in Canberra.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

In the Steps of Vladimir

Reagan's emergence as a Leninist has caused some surprise and irritation in the capital. Lou Cannon was interviewing him for *The Washington Post* last week and asked whether Gorby was really and truly different from all the others. Ron said yes, he'd met most of the Soviet leaders (not true, of course) and what separated Mikhail Sergeyevich from the pack was that he wanted "to do what Lenin was teaching" and extract the Bolshevik kernel from Stalin's perversions. Lenin, the President explained, had favored auguries of *glasnost* and *perestroika* and "had programs that he called the New Economics and things of that kind." Ron had evidently noted the rehabilitation of Bukharin and figured it was finally safe to come out for the NEP.

This drew howls of rage the next day from a *Washington Post* editorialist, who felt it necessary to stamp out any possibility that the Leninist contagion would seep out from the White House and rouse the black masses sunk in political slumber in the southern and eastern portions of the city. "From the start," the editorial said primly, "Lenin used force to take grain from peasants and sanctioned terror against 'class enemies.' . . . 'Leninism,' meaning above all single-party rule, was the foundation of Stalinism, and Leninism in the same sense underlies the reforms Mikhail Gorbachev champions now."

At a press briefing the following day White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater said that the President regarded *The Post*'s editorial as "an outrageous distortion of Leninism," noting that in *The State and Revolution*, Lenin emphasized that the socialist project is antibureaucratic and that at its core is a vision in which, as Lenin wrote, "for the first time in the history of civilized society, the *mass* of the population will rise to take an *independent* part, not only in voting and elections, but *also in the everyday administration of the state*. Under socialism *all* will govern in turn and will soon become accustomed to no one governing."

It's always interesting to see how frail those who "engineer consent" (to use Bernays's term for the emergent publicity industry in the 1920s) regard the American people's loyalty to the "free enterprise system." The moment Gorbachev started saying that socialism and democracy were compatible and that what the Soviet Union needed was a good shake-up with lots of free speech, squads of pundits were rushed forward to insist that whatever Gorby might say, capitalism works better than communism and it takes hours to buy a pork chop in Moscow.

This manic insistence on nonequivalency often leads to startling, though unintended, juxtapositions. When George Shultz visited Moscow recently, *The New York Times* ran a lead story on his admonitions that respect for human rights in the Soviet Union be the indispensable condition for any ongoing entente. A few inches to the left, on the same front page, was a story about overcrowding in New York City's psychiatric wards, where things are now so bad that some inmates are handcuffed to their wheelchairs in hallways "for days at a time."

Missed Chances

Gorbachev, in some ways the Oprah Winfrey of the international communist movement, often misses the chance to clinch an argument with a forceful point. During his visit to Washington at the end of last year he took a lot of heat, rightly so, for the Soviet Union's denial of exit visas to Russian Jews trying to emigrate. Article 13, Section 2 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (passed by the U.N. General Assembly), states that "everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country." Gorbachev responded with some labored stuff about Mexican immigrants. What he should have said was that the United States has long been conniving with by far the greatest offender against the human right noted above.

Some 2 million Palestinian refugees are now either in U.N.-operated camps in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip or in neighboring Arab countries. By denationalizing these 2 million refugees, denying them Israeli citizenship and repatriation, Israel has been flouting the Universal Declaration for the past four decades, with the full support of the United States.

The Failure of the P.L.O. Leadership

It would be remiss to avoid this opportunity to reproach others for failing to take proper advantage of a situation and to act in a responsible political fashion. I refer to the P.L.O. leadership, which has been comporting itself in the past three months with a torpor that would be pardonable in a child but is criminal in persons of mature years.

Here we are, at a moment when the rebellions in Gaza and the West Bank have the full attention of the only audience that matters, so far as Palestinian aspirations are concerned; a moment when the Palestinian experience of the past two decades is resumed in the imagery of the evening newscasts and front-page reports: the shooting of children, pulping of limbs, live burial of humans by bulldozer.

This political opportunity will not last forever, or even for much longer. Soon the daily or twice-daily shootings of Palestinian demonstrators will become background noise. The receptivity to an equitable solution—not least among significant sections of the American Jewish community, disturbed by what they are seeing—will diminish. But where is the leadership in the P.L.O.? Since the rebellion began we have yet to hear an articulate message to the American audience from this leadership. Research in the news clips can extract expressions of tractability on the part of the P.L.O., but this kind of sympathetic research should not be necessary.

The P.L.O. leadership should say clearly and repeatedly, in terms accessible to the widest possible American audience, something along the following lines:

> We wish to make it quite clear that in an international conference we are prepared to settle the claims between us and the Israelis politically, once and for all. Our premises in such a conference are: self-determination for both peoples on land whose international boundaries are agreed upon by both peoples, whose coexistence is similarly agreed upon. We are

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

> prepared to negotiate directly with the Israelis in the context of such a conference, and we urge that they reciprocate, on the premise that Palestinians may select their own representatives, just as do Israelis theirs. The negotiations should lead to mutual recognition.

It is true that the Palestinian leadership, notably Yasir Arafat, has made all of those points in varying venues and that the mainstream U.S. media have regularly ignored such initiatives, even after persistent complaints from viewers and readers. In an interview published in *The New York Review of Books* for June 25, 1987, Arafat called for a peace conference and acceptance of U.N. Resolution 242. A headline in the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* this past January 15 announced, "Arafat Offers Deals with Israel for Role in Peace Talks." The story below concerned a statement Arafat had made in Baghdad expressing willingness to recognize Israel within its 1967 borders if Israel acknowledged the Palestinians' right to a homeland in Gaza and the West Bank. Obdurate as ever, *The New York Times*, in an editorial for March 2, insisted once more that the P.L.O. "has never stated unequivocally its willingness to coexist with Israel." All the more reason for the P.L.O. to speak up with a simple and consistent clarity that *The Times*, *The Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times* and the networks would find impossible to ignore. Then *The New York Times* would have to answer the question, Is Israel prepared to state unequivocally its willingness to deal with the preferred representatives of the Palestinians?

Footnote: Gorby or whoever else has the ear of the P.L.O. should tell Arafat that every time he appears on American television he prolongs the sufferings of his people by at least a decade. If he cannot have a shave, at least let him have an interpreter. Gorbachev, Castro and Ortega have all learned the elementary fact that if you cannot speak English properly, don't try. And let the P.L.O. study these irreproachable observations in Art Stevens' 1985 book, *The Persuasion Explosion*:

> The cleverest public relations in the world cannot successfully promote, for any length of time, a poor cause or a poor product. By contrast, skillful public relations can speed up the acceptance of a concept whose time *has* come. A striking example of this involved eminent public relations consultant Edward Gottlieb. In the early 1950s, when the newly formed State of Israel was struggling for recognition in the court of world opinion, America was largely apathetic. Gottlieb, who at the time headed his own public relations firm, suddenly had a hunch about how to create a more sympathetic attitude toward Israel. He chose a writer and sent him to Israel with instructions to soak in the atmosphere of the country and create a novel about it. The book turned out to be *Exodus*, by Leon Uris. His novel did more to popularize Israel with the American public than any other single presentation through the media.

Rupert: Is It Really Goodbye?

They tell me Rupert Murdoch has sold the *New York Post* to a city slumlord named Peter Kalikow, but I have my doubts. I've said it once and I'll say it again. For Murdoch to sell the *Post* would be like Dracula selling his coffin. Did they bang a stake through his heart?

Think about it. The *New York Post* gave Murdoch his public profile in the United States and provided the fulcrum for his political influence. Before he bought the paper, in 1976, he was just another scuffler, putting out *The Star*. Now that he's given it up, he'll be just another tycoon, nourishing dreams of a fourth network, calling up Fox executives to get the ratings and the latest box-office receipts. Is this fit trade for a man who put Koch in City Hall and Cuomo in the Governor's mansion? Did he really want to give up the vibrant *Post* for the blandness of Channel 5?

Why did Murdoch scorn all offers, from such swag-laden prospectors as Leonard Stern, and insist on dealing solely with Kalikow? Why did he not battle it out in the courts against the legality of Congressional interdict of another waiver by the F.C.C.? Suppose he had a handshake agreement with Kalikow that matched the cost-cutting advantages of a public sale with a private commitment to buy the paper back at some future time.

Go down to the cellar and see if the coffin is truly empty.

Invisible Man

The New York Times wrestled heroically with the dilemma presented by its poll taken in mid-February and published on February 23. The dilemma in question was that the poll showed Jesse Jackson heading all the Democratic candidates, with 19 percent, in the Southern border states. The solution was to avoid mentioning Jackson's lead on the front page or, indeed, in the rest of the article's text, which jumped excitedly to page D28. The unpleasant fact was lodged in a table, where Dukakis had been placed conspicuously at the top, with 13 percent, and Jackson, in due alphabetical obscurity, near the bottom.

The reporter, Michael Oreskes, suggested Jackson did well because he appeals to blacks, an idea amply ratified by Jackson's subsequent strong showings in Maine and Vermont, both cotton-growing former slave states with very substantial black populations. The *Times* pollsters had prudently thought to include the big Would You Like a Black Man to Be President if He Raped Your Sister? question ("Are there any you would not vote for in November if he were the Democratic nominee?"). Jackson scored high, with 29 percent.

A small prize for the most tortured political headline after Super Tuesday.

Thought for the Day

"After all, I am better off than those 2,600 who were killed in that war. I am not now a patriot and no big hero. When I had to choose between loyalty to my mother and to myself, and loyalty to the State, I preferred mother." Lieut. Amos Levinberg, an Israeli intelligence officer captured by the Syrians in 1973, who told them everything he knew, as quoted in *Ha'aretz*, October 2, 1987.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ National Guard Maneuvers

The National Guard's annual exercise in Central America, this year called Blazing Trails 88, is under way, and the Pentagon is trying to keep it out of the public eye. Approximately 3,800 National Guard and Army Reserve personnel from ten states, Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia will rotate in the course of the six-month action, according to the National Guard Clearinghouse, an organization in St. Louis that assists grass-roots protest against the Guard exercises. The Pentagon refuses to say in advance when and where Guard and Reserve units will be deployed. Peggy Moore of the clearinghouse notes that "last year most of the deployment days were met with some form of local protest." By making the details of deployment classified information, the National Guard Bureau forestalls demonstrations and unwelcome media attention.

The clearinghouse publishes an excellent newsletter on Guard exercises and U.S. military strategy in Central America. Contact: St. Louis Pledge of Resistance, 438 North Skinker Boulevard, St. Louis, MO 63130, (314) 727-4466.

■ Pentagon's Hidden Hand

Although, overall, the $299.5 billion military budget proposed by President Reagan for fiscal 1989 reflects a real decline from 1988 of 0.6 percent, its classified portion bulges by comparison. An analysis by the Defense Budget Project indicates that about $24 billion in weapons procurement and research and development funds are classified, up from an estimated $18.9 billion this year. This continues the steady escalation of "black" military funding, safe from the prying eyes of taxpayers. In 1986, 14 percent of the Pentagon's weapons acquisition program was classified; in the new budget, 20 percent is.

■ Archives' Black Hole

The government is in danger of losing its memory. That's the message of Don Wilson, the Federal archivist. Testifying before a House subcommittee last month, Wilson emphasized the problems posed by the "increased usage of electronic records and the expanded use of computers in the Federal government." He complained that "data held on computers is frequently altered or updated"—shades of the deeds done by Oliver North and Fawn Hall—and that much material never reaches the National Archives. While the government uses an estimated 13 million reels of computer tape, the archives now holds only 3,000 reels. All this hinders the National Archives and Records Administration in preserving the documents generated by each presidency. Unless Congress and NARA find a way to address these matters, the bureaucracy's broadening reliance on computer technology will rob the public of pieces of history as well as information that may be needed by a future independent counsel or Congressional committee.

■ The Elusive Contra Drug Suspect

A potential witness in two ongoing Congressional probes of the *contra*-drug connection is on the run. He is Michael Palmer, a former Delta Airlines pilot turned drug smuggler. In February 1986, Oliver North and Elliott Abrams selected him to fly supplies to the *contras*, a service for which Palmer earned $96,961 from the State Department's Nicaraguan Humanitarian Assistance Office. Four months later he was indicted for playing a leading role in a huge drug syndicate that operated in Tampa, Detroit and Raleigh, North Carolina. Those charges were dismissed under curious circumstances last October. Palmer, who cooperated with prosecutors in Detroit, was the only one of seventy-five to eighty indicted suspects whose charges were dropped.

The House Subcommittee on Crime is very interested in talking to Palmer, according to its counsel, Hayden Gregory. If Palmer is subpoenaed and appears for the subcommittee's hearings on the *contra*-drug link, in late March, he could be a star witness. Will Palmer turn up? Vince Wade, a reporter who has covered the case for WXYZ-TV in Detroit, notes that Palmer has access to airplanes, counterfeit I.D.s and a drug fortune estimated at $30 million. Not to mention friends in high places.

■ Shocked (Shocked?) to Find F.B.I. Spying

In a rare public session last month the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, joined by members of the Judiciary Committee, hauled top F.B.I. officials before it to explain the Bureau's investigation of the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador. Senators freely excoriated the F.B.I. for its campaign against CISPES, but in the process revealed their own share of culpability.

Back in 1983 the now-indignant intelligence committee was informed of the F.B.I. probe. "Indeed, the committee staff at the time questioned the predicate for initiating this particular investigation," said Senator William Cohen. "We never explored, however, how it was carried out in the field." Senators departed briefly from that no-questions-asked approach when they queried F.B.I. chief William Webster about CISPES during hearings last spring on his nomination to head the C.I.A. But by then, if you believe the F.B.I., the investigation had been over for two years. Throughout the wide-ranging CISPES probe, the committee had failed to keep tabs on the Bureau. A Senate aide understated the case, remarking, "This once again shows the problems with Congressional oversight."

During the public session several Senators also complained that they had not received the Bureau's full, uncensored files on CISPES. According to Congressional sources, the documents already obtained by the intelligence committee have caused some members to suspect that the complete file may contain additional embarrassments for the F.B.I., perhaps even proof of illegal black bag-type activity. "There is a concern [among members] that there has been a return to the Red Squads and the use of local resources in an improper way," one source says. Cohen seemed to hint at this when he politely noted that the committee will examine whether there were "too few constraints on the [F.B.I.'s] investigative activities in the field."

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ARTICLES.

REFORM HITS LOUISIANA

The Curious Rise Of Buddy Roemer

LANCE HILL

New Orleans

Last autumn, an unusual band of revolutionaries appeared in Louisiana. This fashionably attired rebel mob commanded a fleet of B.M.W.s and Volvos with their battle cry emblazoned on every bumper: "Buddy Roemer for Governor: A Revolution for Louisiana." Insurgent opposition to the populist *ancien régime* of Governor Edwin Edwards had produced a new rebel elite—investment bankers, oil executives and yuppies. The sans-culottes were upon us and soon the populist despoiler was deposed.

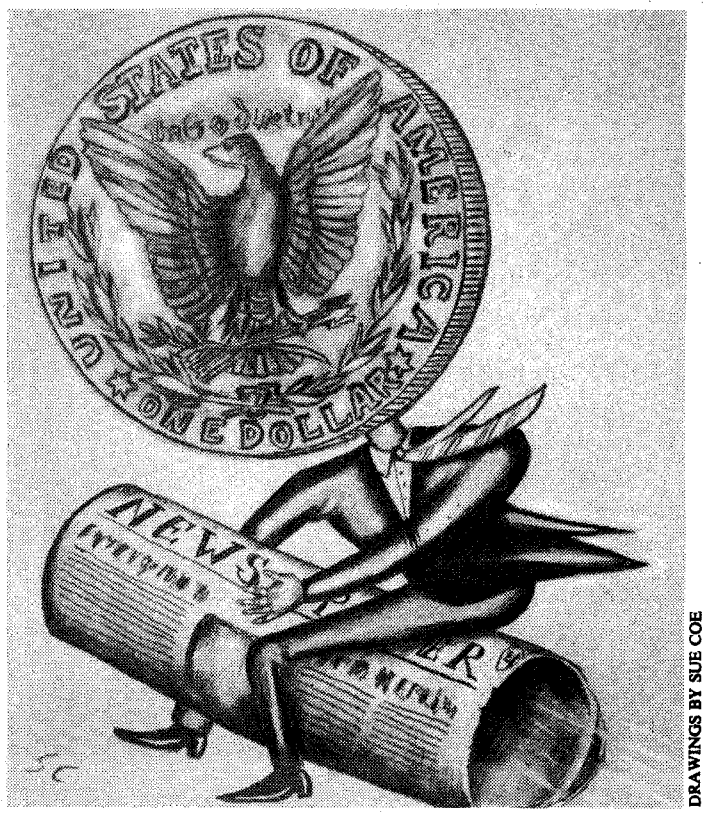
Charles Elson (Buddy) Roemer 3d assumes the office of Governor of the State of Louisiana on March 14 with the disquieting knowledge that a majority of Louisianians opposed his election. Only one in three voters cast a ballot in his favor in the October gubernatorial election. In a state with a population approximately one-third black, more than 96 percent of the black electorate voted for Roemer's opponents. Roemer accomplished his electoral coup through the default of his runoff opponent, Governor Edwards. The controversial Governor, a Cajun, withdrew from the general election runoff the night of the primary, discouraged by his second-place finish behind Roemer and anticipating defeat in the general election. The following morning Louisiana awoke to a new and enigmatic Governor-elect, an obscure Congressman from District Four of northwestern Louisiana whom most voters knew vaguely as a "reform" candidate.

Buddy Roemer's electoral success provides an illuminating example of the power of the business/media elite in the political process. He owes both his reform image and his "mandate" to an indulgent press determined to impose its pro-business agenda on state government. The endorsement of eight of Louisiana's most influential newspapers catapulted him from fifth to first place in the polls during the closing weeks before the election. Buddy Roemer's feat reveals the curious process by which a candidate who embodies the agenda of entrenched wealth manages to ride the crest of reformism while restoring the financial aristocracy to an ascendant position in government.

Since his re-election in 1984, Governor Edwards's administration had been regarded as something of an embarrassment by the old-money patricians of New Orleans. Their relentless criticism, channeled through the New Orleans media, combined with economic factors to bring about Edwards's political demise. The Governor assisted in his own interment by providing abundant material for criticism, highlighted by two Federal racketeering trials, which, although resulting in acquittal, exposed his profligate life style and unabashed political cronyism to an increasingly intolerant public [see Hill, "Governor Edwards Smites the Feds," January 11, 1986].

Not that denizens of the Bayou State had been suddenly seized by a fit of political probity. Most remained convinced that government was a marketable commodity, like pork bellies and cotton, bought and sold by cigar-chomping courthouse gangs or elegant blue-blooded corporate leaders. Yet the peculiar variant of populism practiced by Edwin Edwards required a compact with the electorate: Social services and the economic security denied by previous oligarchs would be provided in return for tolerance of the new leadership's occasional liberties with the public trust. It seemed like a sensible arrangement to the voters; a modicum of corruption in return for some influence in the political process. That Edwards kept a suitcase stuffed with $600,000 in cash could be forgiven as long as he offered the people something in return. However, soaring unemployment, depleting oil-tax revenues and a deteriorating education system undermined Edwards's ability to fulfill his part of the bargain; soon his official dalliances became less amusing to his constituents.

Fashioning a campaign in the "good government" mold, Roemer represented himself as a no-frills administrator, an up-country plantation boy honed by a Harvard Business School education. He promised to cut state government employee rolls by 25 percent, revamp the education system, clean up the environment and restructure the tax system to encourage new business investment and diversification. It



DRAWINGS BY SUE COE

Lance Hill frequently writes on Louisiana politics and labor.

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was a simple message that deftly appealed to the interests of both middle-income whites and business elites. But buried in the folksy reform rhetoric was a more ominous design: a drastic austerity program designed to dilute workers' protective legislation, severely curtail social services, pare business taxes and shift the revenue burden to the middle class.

There is little doubt that Louisiana needs reform. The collapse of the oil industry ravaged the local economy, leaving the state near bankruptcy, with a projected deficit of at least $300 million. Louisiana reluctantly claimed several disreputable national titles: highest illiteracy rate, highest high-school dropout rate, highest unemployment rate and highest incidence of some forms of cancer. Assisted by a series of compliant administrations, petrochemical companies left an indelible signature on the countryside prior to their departure for the more accommodating environs of the Third World. The verdant piney hills and somnolent cypress swamps are pocked with 40,000 hazardous waste sites. Offshore oil drilling techniques contributed to the eroding of sixty square miles of pristine wetlands yearly. Not only was Louisiana consuming its youth, it was consuming itself.

To this crisis Roemer offered a paradoxical solution: Restrain business's assault on the environment while unleashing its assault on workers' standard of living. His platform, in fact, was little more than a continuation of the campaign orchestrated by the Louisiana Association of Business and Industry (LABI) to reduce corporate tax contributions to worker benefits provided by the state. Over the past few years LABI has successfully lobbied for severe reductions in workman's compensation and unemployment insurance legislation. During a period of rising unemployment the number of people without health insurance increased, and LABI operated in concert with the state's major media to protest the funding level of state support for the Charity Hospital system, which provides free medical care. Roemer simply incorporated most of that LABI program into his platform, assuring himself of business support.

In some respects Buddy Roemer's victory was a tribute to the business/media elite's ability to confect a political agenda that appeared to enjoy popular support, and then create a candidate to implement it. For example, in 1986 another business association, the Council for a Better Louisiana (CABL), commissioned a tax study that made a series of recommendations to reduce business taxes substantially. Ashton Phelps Jr., publisher of the powerful New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, was then a member of CABL and currently serves as an officer of the group. CABL circulated the "tax reform" study until oil baron James (Jim Bob) Moffett, chief executive officer of Freeport-McMoRan Inc., integrated most of its proposals into a program calling for, among other things, the abolition of corporate franchise and inheritance taxes and a shifting of the tax burden to the middle class through increased property and income taxes. Moffett mustered the resources of his corporation to popularize the plan through the media, and soon *The Times-Picayune* was lauding "Moffett's" plan. Buddy Roemer adopted the scheme early in his campaign and duly received *The Times-Picayune*'s endorsement.

But it would be misleading to suggest that Roemer's conservative stance was mere opportunism. Although portrayed by supporters as a social-issue liberal, his legislative record indicates a decidedly right-wing bent, with the sole exception of his respectable environmental record. In 1985, Roemer distinguished himself as one of the two House Democrats who most consistently voted with the Reagan Administration. An old-fashioned boll-weevil Democrat, Roemer has staffed his transition team with several veterans of the 1980 Republican administration of former Governor David Treen. Moreover, his social legislation record includes opposition to abortion rights, the Equal Rights Amendment and a variety of consumer-protection proposals. Although in a few instances Roemer voted the liberal side on civil rights issues, soon after his election he raised doubts in the black community about the sincerity of his commitment by aggressively seeking to persuade the Justice Department to release Louisiana from a civil rights suit consent decree. The decree stemmed from a 1974 Federal lawsuit that alleged Louisiana operated a dual education system for blacks and whites, and it required the state to make expenditures to improve the traditionally black universities. Roemer argued that the state could no longer afford to fund the improvements. His opposition resulted in intervention by a Federal court, temporarily extending the decree until February 29, at which point the Justice Department and the incoming administration would try again to reach a solution. To assuage

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black educators' fears, Roemer assured them that he could be trusted to maintain the quality of the traditionally black universities. This paternalistic appeal to blacks epitomizes his philosophy of "trust me."

Trust was one of Roemer's most potent themes against Edwards and remains at the center of his media mystique as moral crusader. Yet his personal history belies this angelic image; instead, it reveals a typical Louisiana politician, a product of the state's culture of corruption.

Roemer's controversial past revolves around a series of business deals transacted while his father, Charles Roemer 2d, served as Governor Edwards's Commissioner of Administration during the 1970s. The elder Roemer turned over the family computer firm, Innovative Data Systems (I.D.S.), to Buddy upon assuming office. In November 1972 the father personally negotiated a $1 million contract with Software Inc. to supply computer services to the state. Only two months later, Software Inc. awarded an $80,000 contract to I.D.S. This arrangement attracted the interest of Federal and state prosecutors, and shortly thereafter Buddy Roemer was summoned to testify before a Federal grand jury in New Orleans. No charges were filed but the deal aroused suspicion in a few other quarters.

In February 1974 a similar conflict-of-interest charge emerged in the press. A Shreveport consulting firm was accused of billing the state for more than $11,000 in services purchased from Buddy Roemer's I.D.S.; once again no legal charges were filed. In October 1977 a Baton Rouge grand jury subpoenaed Buddy Roemer and questioned him for three and a half hours in its investigation of a lucrative business deal—the Honeywell corporation had extended debt-payment deadlines for him while obtaining state contracts from his father. Buddy avoided prosecution but the elder Roemer's subsequent business dealings became the subject of an undercover F.B.I. investigation codenamed Brilab, and in 1982 he received a three-year prison sentence for charges involving insurance contract bribes and kickbacks.

The state press spared its favorite reform candidate the embarrassment of mentioning these questionable business dealings during the gubernatorial campaign. His opponents were less charitable. Former Superintendent of Education Kelly Nix, who was supporting another candidate, scolded Roemer for hypocrisy. Years ago Buddy had worked in Nix's campaign, and Nix now claimed that Roemer had been personally responsible for handing out his department's lucrative spoils contracts and patronage jobs following the election. Buddy responded that he had merely "advised" Nix. But Governor Edwards made the most scathing charges of sanctimony, claiming that Roemer had personally requested favors from him in obtaining bank charters, which Edwards willingly granted. As with Nix's allegations, Roemer's recollection of the events was somewhat different, and he denied any impropriety. Edwards's charges were an example of an old Louisiana tradition of a politician defending his honor by insisting that his opponent is even more dishonorable.

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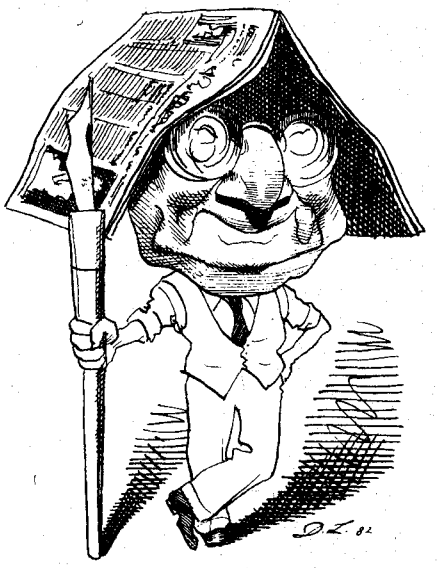

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Another benefit bestowed by Roemer's reform mystique was the media myth that he was not beholden to the special interests. This legend derived in part from Roemer's campaign pledge to honor several self-imposed fund-raising standards, including a commitment to decline loans, cash contributions, political action committee funds and contributions in excess of $5,000.

Actually, Roemer's rejection of PAC largesse was a recent and convenient conversion. He financed his first two successful campaigns with PAC funds in varying amounts. During his 1982 run he accepted $50,003 in contributions from ninety-six different committees. Once comfortably entrenched, he could forsake PAC funds and rely almost exclusively on wealthy individual contributors who represented similar narrow business interests. Roemer's Federal Election Commission report from his unopposed 1986 Congressional campaign lists total contributions of $188,881, more than 97 percent of that in amounts of at least $500. Nearly 44 percent of his itemized contributors located their profession within the oil or investment-banking industries. Moreover, Roemer's dependence on oil money had steadily grown, with the percentage of these contributors increasing fourfold since his initial House victory in 1979. What dividends these corporate underwriters hoped to accumulate from their investments is a matter of speculation. But Roemer's support for weakened worker-rights legislation and tax breaks for corporations suggest that their money was well spent.

The media's portrayal of Roemer as a man with no ties to special interests required the assumption that the business sector is not a special interest and cannot exercise its influence in legitimate—though equally pernicious—ways. Although the Governor-elect did depart from the time-honored practice of selling political favors for hard cash, his program is simply the corporate elite's agenda wrapped up in high-minded good-government rhetoric.

Consider his trendy advocacy of education as one remedy for the state's economic ills. Actually, his budget cutting and tax slashing put his proposed education reforms at risk. And the idea that a better-educated work force means more jobs places excessive faith in the power of workers to expand the job market and shifts the blame for the state's high unemployment rate away from runaway corporations.

The Governor-elect's scheme to attract private investment by lowering taxes and curtailing worker benefits has the illusory attraction of a Faustian bargain. In the past, Louisiana mortgaged its environment to attract petrochemical jobs; now Roemer proposes to barter social services and decent wages for jobs, most of which will probably be in the low-paying service sector.

Buddy Roemer has four years to enact his "revolutionary" program. Edwin Edwards is already talking about leading a populist restoration in 1992. Historically, populism emerges in periods when the common lot feel profoundly alienated from political institutions. The first wave of Louisiana populism began in the late 1880s, a response to years of conservative "Bourbon rule." The Bourbons had assumed power following what they perceived as the "rabble rule" of Reconstruction, and their first order of business was virtually to abolish corporate taxes and to reduce spending on education. In response, many poor whites and blacks abandoned both the Republican and Democratic Parties and constructed an independent radical alternative, the People's Party.

Perhaps the state's dispossessed will take this road again. No doubt Edwards is hoping that they will forgo that option and return to his genial embrace, his arms outstretched for the people, his palm opened to his benefactors. □

COMRADE INSPECTOR CALLS

A Chat With My Censor

SLAVENKA DRAKULIĆ

"I don't look like what I am," said the man's voice on the telephone, a little nasal, but pleasant. It was because of this sentence I decided to meet with my censor, comrade inspector M.

Officially—as he put it—he was from the state security police (S.D.B.) in charge of the press. I knew such people existed, but even so, his sudden invitation for "an informal meeting and chat" caught me by surprise. I could have refused, but something overcame my reluctance, drew me to go, and I agreed to see him the next day.

In Yugoslavia, the editor in chief, who has to be approved by the Central Committee of the Communist Party (among others), is usually the censor of his newspaper. But the fact that he will lose his job if there are "errors" in his publication is not considered a sufficient check. The S.D.B. provides a special service for surveillance of the media. Comrade inspectors like M supervise how well the print press, TV and radio follow "the line" laid down by the Communist Party. Their job is also to watch editors and journalists closely, and to put pressure on them, more or less discreetly, when they think it necessary. It is not an easy job, because the line changes often, depending on which wing of the party—the more democratic or the more Stalinist one—is in power.

My first reaction was curiosity; I had never met with any S.D.B. inspectors, perhaps because I was not important enough. Therefore, this was my opportunity to see the S.D.B.'s power personified in one man. Is he tall or short? How does he dress? What does he do with his hands while he talks to you? I guess this was a reaction to the literary tradition, to the long line of books describing K.G.B. of-

Slavenka Drakulić writes for Yugoslav political magazines. She is the author of Mortal Sins of Feminism, *which appeared in Yugoslavia in 1984. Her first novel was published there last fall.*

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ficers interrogating hundreds of thousands—no, millions—of people in Lubjanka, forcing them to admit to things they never did and then sending them to an icy death in Siberia. But it was wrong to think about Solzhenitsyn or Koestler, because my curiosity was quickly replaced by fear. Well, not really fear, but something very similar: thinking about my possible sins. In fact, what did comrade inspector M say on the phone? Yes, he politely invited me to chat, but he also mentioned that he has something important to ask me, and this makes it very different.

But what could he ask me? I'm a journalist at a political magazine and I'm not a member of the party (we here don't even use the proper name of that party, the League of Communists of Yugoslavia, because there is no other). Perhaps my colleagues have been invited to such meetings too, but that hasn't been a topic among us. Knowing this, comrade inspector M told me that he hadn't called me in my office in order to protect me. I sometimes write articles that stir up public opinion and attract the attention of party leaders. But then again, everybody knows that is not what counts, because writing articles doesn't change a thing. Or does it? And which of the articles in the last issue could have attracted the attention of the S.D.B. man, to make him decide to call me? I was trying to figure out comrade inspector M's perspective on my sins: disturbing public opinion; espousing unacceptable ideas imported from the West; introducing values foreign to our socialist self-management society, untruthful and dangerous information? He might have spotted the article on Kosovo, but it is also possible that he didn't like the recent article on cultural politics, about turning more and more to the East. It could be any or all of it.

Or maybe I'm headed in the wrong direction. Maybe he's thinking about my private life—my hippie past, a couple of joints, hitchhiking through Europe, love with strangers. Then again, maybe he doesn't suspect me at all, but it has something to do with my first husband, who now lives in Canada. Or the second one, who emigrated to the United States. I have to admit that I'm traveling to the West much too often, that I do have connections there, that I do speak several languages, that I subscribe to three American, two English and one Italian magazine and that I receive a lot of books and letters from abroad. My professors at the university were well-known philosophers and critics of the state. And besides, I'm a feminist. Sometimes they open my mail, and I have heard strange sounds in my phone more than once. Until this moment I didn't consider it important, or not enough so to worry about. I stick to the principle that the openness of my work is my best defense—which does seem a bit romantic now.

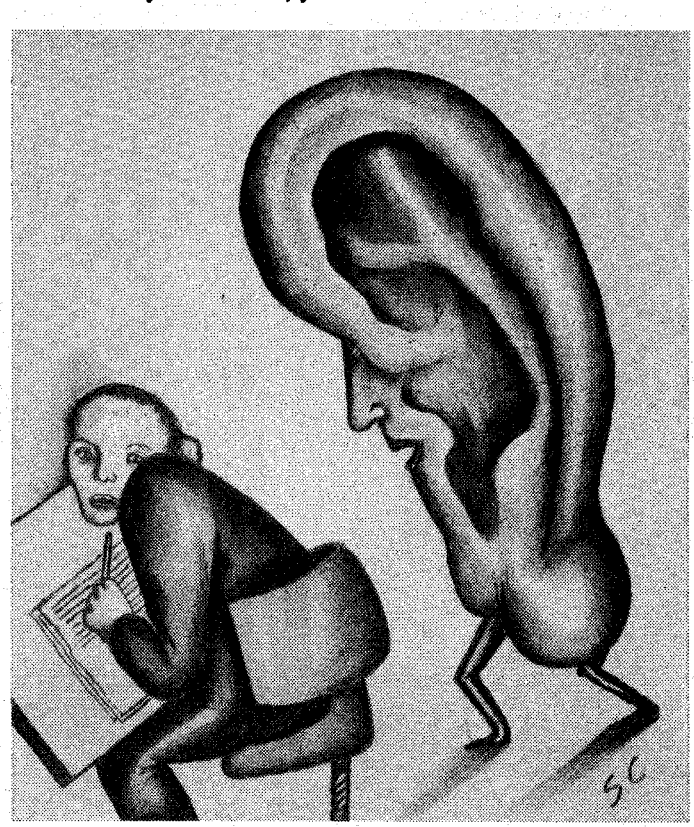
Across a small, round table in the cafe sat a short, thin man with a beard, wearing a black jacket—the type you might meet at a party but wouldn't recognize again. He looked like a secondary school teacher; there was some of that authority about him, and at the same time the clumsiness of the autodidact. At least, he had told the truth: He really didn't look like a censor.

Of course, the "reason" for the meeting was banal, too banal to be true. He explained that a man had been jailed; in his address book was my name. He mentioned an unfamiliar, perhaps invented, name. But the jailed man was a friend of a well-known enemy of the state and comrade inspector was wondering what possible connection did I have with him? I almost laughed with relief. I told him that my job and his were in some respects similar: We both needed connections and information. Therefore, I wouldn't be surprised if a paper with my name turned up in the pocket of a terrorist or of the French Prime Minister or Warren Beatty.

The conversation continued in a usual manner, "usual" meaning that of two people on a train talking about the recent political situation, inflation, the danger of nationalism, the price of food. But we both knew it was not that. I was too gay and easy, perhaps trying to prove I had nothing to hide. He was too polite and charming, talking about his daughter, off to university this year, his mother and his pet cat—after all, this was no interrogation. Yet, nervously smoking cigarette after cigarette, he looked somehow wasted, as if he would rather be somewhere else, do something else. For one brief moment it seemed that he, not I, deserved pity. The fatal sentence, "You are only doing your job," was already on my lips when he said, "You see, I'm not like some other of my colleagues, I don't believe in crudeness. My opinion is that one should follow journalists' work from a distance, get to know them well. And then, if they repeat serious mistakes, warn them tenderly. It is usually enough; journalists are smart people."

On the word "tenderly," I began to feel very uneasy.

"You know," he continued, looking behind me, through the window of the cafe, "in a certain way, we are friends. I know all of your articles, your books. And I know not *what*



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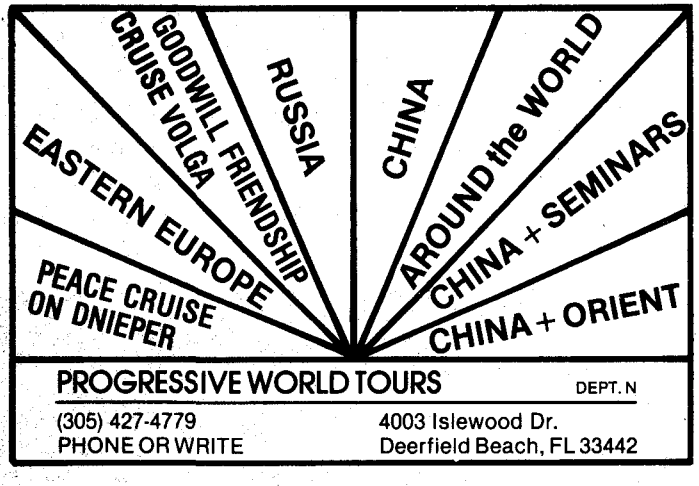
but *how* you think, how you will react to certain issues. I must admit I only wanted to see you. You look much prettier than in your photos."

I left the cafe and went to see my editor in chief. His office is a small, dark room, whose walls are covered with shelves and dusty books. A working table was cluttered with mail, papers and empty cups. He listened carefully. Then he leaned across the table and said in an unusually loud voice: "You just go on writing as you always have, don't even think about that conversation. I would be the first to report it if there were any suspicious people or activities at this magazine, I sure would!"

So saying, he pointed to the ceiling with his index finger. That is how I learned that he has a microphone hidden in his office. And then I understood perfectly not only the significance of censorship but of its more subtle, deeper variations: autocensorship, internalized in each of us, so that we don't need to chat with our censors too often, that we make *their* job easier. The conversation with comrade inspector M was absolutely unnecessary. What was important was the time between his call and our meeting, when I began to inspect myself, to search for my errors, to look at my life through his eyes, to interrogate myself as my censor would. But I also understand that if he really needs to, he will find evidence even if it doesn't exist. The guilt I'm talking about is not a question of facts but of their interpretation. □



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NEW SATELLITE NETWORK

A Heavenly Home For TV Preachers

JOHN W. ANDERSON

Sin hath struck again. The Rev. Jimmy Swaggart stepped down from his $150 million a year pulpit at the Family Worship Center in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on February 21, after confessing to church officials from the Assemblies of God that he had spent time with a prostitute in a motel outside of New Orleans. Last March, Jim Bakker resigned from his pulpit as head of the PTL ministry and was defrocked by the Assemblies of God elders for his sexual encounters with Jessica Hahn. Other controversies swirling in the televangelist circle include the time in January 1987 that the Rev. Oral Roberts pleaded for his congregation to help him raise $8 million by March 31 to save his medical research center and hospital at Oral Roberts University, or else God would call him home. In October 1987, Republican presidential candidate and former head of the Christian Broadcasting Network Pat Robertson admitted to misinforming the public about when he was married, to cover the fact that his child was conceived out of wedlock.

The images of televangelists have become so tarnished that Robertson complains loudly whenever he is referred to as one. To Robertson, "televangelist" is a derogatory term. He demands that he be known as the founder of the Christian Broadcasting Network.

Robertson has never been too happy about the intense press scrutiny he has received, nor has Bakker or Swaggart, for that matter. Tired of reporters badgering them about their past, these televangelists or religious broadcasters (or whatever name they may go by) are quietly plotting to leave the public domain of local TV stations and cable channels by creating their very own national network through a small Christian broadcasting company in Naples, Florida, named Dominion Video Satellite Inc.

Using a new satellite system known as DBS (which stands for direct broadcast satellites), the Electronic Church, with Dominion Video's help, will be able in the next year or so to transmit religious programs directly into every American home. The programs will be beamed from a new generation of high-powered satellites, parked 22,300 miles above the Earth, to special satellite dishes no larger than thirty inches in diameter, which will be distributed to paying subscribers of the religious network.

In the past Robertson has proclaimed that when the Second Coming occurs it will be televised to the entire world via satellite. In Revelations 14:6, John states: "Then I saw another angel flying in midheaven, with an eternal gospel to proclaim to those who dwell on earth, to every nation and tribe and tongue and people."

John W. Anderson is a New York City attorney and writer.

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"It is possible that God showed John a modern communications satellite with huge outstretched solar wings, which bore a shadow of resemblance to the carved Cherubims set within the inner house of Solomon's temple," reads a recent brochure from Dominion Video. "Many believe that the DBS technology will contribute to the final fulfillment of the 'Great Commission' to go and preach the Gospel to the entire World."

For the National Religious Broadcasters, a nonprofit organization in Morristown, New Jersey, which represents the vast majority of religious TV and radio broadcasters (including Jerry Falwell, Oral Roberts and Jimmy Swaggart), DBS is the answer to a televangelist's prayers for complete control over programming and viewership. "DBS will bypass the networks, local stations and cable stations that have limited us in the past, and take us to the grass-roots people, where our efforts will have the greatest response," says Ben Armstrong, N.R.B.'s executive director.

As for Federal regulation of this special religious network, there will be little to none. Because DBS is a new technology, the Federal Communications Commission has given licensees like Dominion Video free rein to develop their networks as they see fit, to stimulate growth.

Dominion Video is negotiating with G.E. Astro-Space to buy two DBS satellites. With a fleet of three or more DBS "angels" in orbit, says Armstrong, the religious broadcasters will have the capability not only to broadcast in the United States but to reach an international audience as well, thus establishing the world's first global television station. "The 'footprints' [satellite broadcast areas] of DBS will be such that we can cover the whole world, which is the ideological dream of the Electric Church," says Armstrong.

Yet Robert Johnson, president of Dominion Video, perceives DBS in much more pragmatic terms than flying angels and global preaching. Given the recent PTL and Swaggart scandals, Johnson says, religious broadcasting is becoming an endangered species. "I do not believe religious TV will survive on cable as it has in recent years," he contends. "The Jim Bakker matter caused a significant falloff in donations." William Martin, professor of sociology at Rice University, who specializes in the Christian right and televangelism, said that the major ministers report 10 to 20 percent declines in donations after the Bakker scandal.

Cancellations by television affiliates and cable TV operators for PTL's failure to pay its bills have already affected its Inspirational Network. Last year Tele-Communications Inc., the largest cable operator in the country, dropped PTL programs from nearly all its cable systems carrying them. The action by T.C.I. cost PTL millions of dollars.

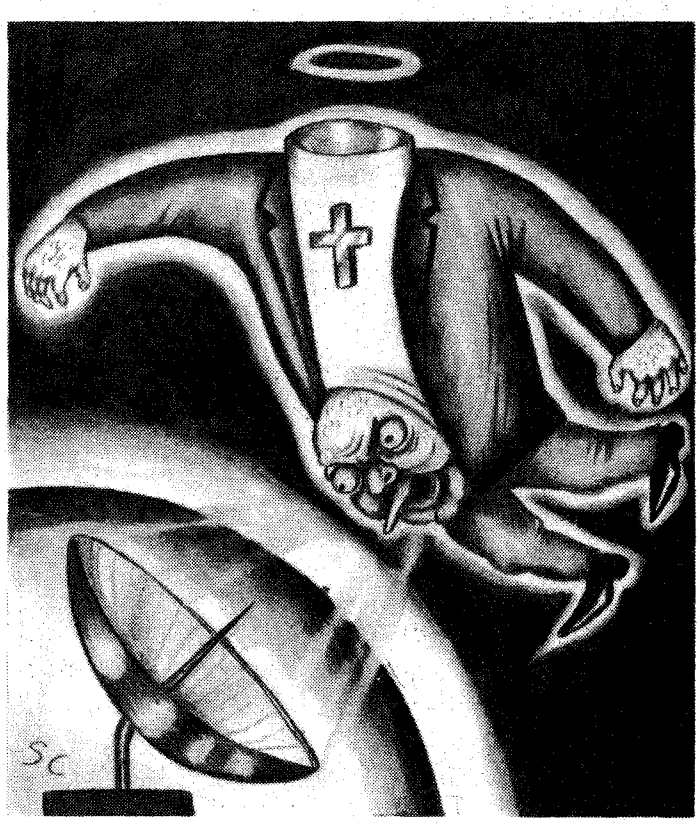
PTL preachers on the Dominion Video channel, however, would pay nothing. Operating costs for the religious channel will be covered by a "one-time, lifetime" subscription fee of $175 charged to each household.

After paying the initial subscription fee, subscribers of the Dominion Video network are expected to pay another $474 to cover the cost of a thirty-inch dish antenna (which resembles the lid of a Weber barbecue), a channel selector and a remote-control device. For this investment, the subscriber will receive five additional educational and entertainment channels from Dominion Video, which will be the revenue source for Johnson and other investors. Johnson projects there will be 300,000 subscribers by the time the DBS network premieres and 10 million by the year 2000, providing a total revenue base of $1.75 billion.

Dominion Video will spend an estimated $250 million in start-up expenses and undisclosed millions more in annual operating costs. It hopes to tap the estimated 10 million to 12 million religious viewers who give $1 billion to $2 billion annually to televangelists like Falwell and Roberts. Despite the recent spate of scandals, Johnson says, "The evangelical Christian audience is still greatly underserved by television. We will attract this special audience with a unique plan, which we are doing in a quiet, private kind of way."

That plan, in essence, is to sign up all the popular television evangelists with Dominion Video's DBS network. Roberts, Swaggart, Falwell and twenty-one other televangelists have already agreed to appear on Dominion Video's channel John 17:21. (CBN has expressed an interest in buying its own DBS channel.) "We named the channel after the citation in the New Testament which is Jesus' last prayer before he is crucified, where he prays that all his followers will be one," Johnson says.

The network is expected to be operational in either late 1988 or early 1989, when the first two satellites are set for launch. But before it can go on the air, Dominion Video must persuade a sizable number of Christian TV viewers to sign up with the system. The company has launched a direct-mail campaign to reach the 35 million households who label themselves evangelical Christian. An initial mailing to 1 million homes in 1986 netted 80,000 subscribers. Dominion Video is tapping the mailing lists of the televangelists



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themselves. That support remains discreet, however, so as not to alienate the cable operators and TV stations now carrying their programs.

Johnson met many of the televangelists when he worked for Robertson and the Christian Broadcasting Network in Virginia Beach, as a consultant and staff member. Robertson's dream was to create a national religious network with existing cable channels and TV stations. Johnson worked on the CBN project for seven months, until he "saw the light."

"I saw that religious programmers could never have a permanent home on TV stations and cable," Johnson says. "They were only tenants on someone else's land and were always vulnerable to cancellation by TV stations and cable operators. I wanted to give them a home."

On July 11, 1981, Johnson founded Dominion Video Satellite and was granted one of the first eight DBS licenses by the Federal Communications Commission. It has taken him more than six years to get the money, business plan and, most important, the televangelists together.

But will it fly? Brian Rose, director of media studies at Fordham University, calls the Dominion Video network a pipe dream. "People are not going to pay for something they now get for free," Rose says. "In ten years, the evangelist TV audience will be all dead, anyway, since most of the viewers are older and new viewers won't be able to see the programs because they won't be on the television or cable stations anymore."

So far, the broadcasting industry says it isn't worried about the financial losses of the televangelists' proposed pullout from TV and cable channels. In fact, Rose claims that many stations will encourage their departure. "Independent stations don't like the image that religious programs give anyway, and so they want these people to leave. Without these programs, local stations will gain more respectability. So the broadcasters will say good riddance."

Still, no industry, the broadcasting business included, likes losing up to $2 billion in revenues. Some TV and cable operators might well put up a legal fight to enforce their current contracts with the televangelists and to prevent the religious broadcasters from leaving once the DBS system becomes a reality. But with the Federal government encouraging the televangelists to leave, the effort may prove futile. "We just keep hoping that someone like Dominion Video will get a DBS system up there and get it going," says William Johnson, deputy director of the F.C.C.'s mass media bureau.

With a religious DBS system finally in place, however, the televangelists will be better able to evade the press scrutiny that has dogged them on the public channels. Yet, Armstrong asserts that the abolition of press, industry and governmental oversight with DBS is in the best interests of the American public because "only then is it up to the people and no one else to decide what they want from us." Freedom from that scrutiny, however, will make it much easier for televangelists to guide their viewers in that decision-making process. For Johnson, "DBS is the best way to share the message of eternal life that comes from Jesus Christ to others." □

After Reagan

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

President will have to operate in an altered, less permissive international environment.

The limitations have affected the current aspirants to the White House by setting vague but perceptible limits on what they are willing to promise in 1988. And they have also imposed certain areas of agreement among the candidates, Democrat and Republican alike. These include:

Military Spending. Because of the growing national consensus on the need to reduce the Federal deficit, no candidate dares advocate a significant boost in military spending. Some call for a modest increase, some for a small decrease, but the spread between those extremes is not great. This is, of course, in sharp contrast to 1980, when Ronald Reagan vowed to initiate a substantial defense buildup.

Arms Control. In the wake of the intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty and the successful Reagan-Gorbachev summit, all of the 1988 candidates promise to seek further progress in nuclear arms control. This commitment may be more sincere with some than it is with others; nonetheless, it is a departure from eight years ago, when candidate Reagan made no secret of his contempt for the arms control process.

Conventional Forces. In line with the growing perception among strategists that nuclear weapons are of diminishing political and military utility, all candidates except Jesse Jackson call for significant improvements in America's nonnuclear, conventional forces.

Accompanying these areas of relative agreement are a number of issues on which the candidates diverge sharply, the Democrats on one side and the Republicans on the other. These are the touchstone issues for party loyalists, and it is in these areas that the election will have its greatest impact. Most prominent of them are:

Star Wars. All the Republicans call for early deployment of space-based antimissile systems, while the Democrats are united in their opposition to anything beyond a modest research program.

ABM Treaty Interpretation. In line with their position on Star Wars, the Democrats all insist on the strict or "traditional" interpretation of the ABM treaty of 1972 (which bans the testing in space of antimissile systems); the Republicans generally support the Reagan Administration's efforts to reinterpret the treaty to allow for the testing of space-based weapons.

Comprehensive Test Ban. Every one of the Democrats favors a ban on underground testing (although Richard Gephardt and Albert Gore Jr. would allow very low-threshold tests); the Republicans all oppose a test ban.

Michael T. Klare is associate professor of peace and world security studies at Hampshire College, in Amherst, Massachusetts, and defense correspondent of The Nation. *He is co-editor, with Peter Kornbluh, of the just-released* Low-Intensity Warfare: Counterinsurgency, Proinsurgency and Antiterrorism in the Eighties *(Pantheon).*

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South Africa and the Contras. All Democratic candidates oppose sending lethal military aid to the *contras* and support economic sanctions against South Africa; Republican presidential hopefuls all favor *contra* aid and oppose sanctions.

These stances suggest that, on major issues of defense and foreign policy, the differences between the Democrats and the Republicans far exceed those among the individual candidates within either party. This is not to minimize the very important differences between, say, Jackson and Gore, or between George Bush and Pat Robertson. But the political gap between Gore (the most "conservative" of the Democrats) and Bush (closest to the "center" on arms control, where he emphasizes progress, and on defense) is far wider than that between these two and any of their fellow party members.

To distinguish among the individual candidates and better appreciate the nuances of the emerging national debate on post-Reagan strategy, let's take a closer look at some specific issues. The following survey attempts to chart the contours of the debate rather than to describe each candidate's position on every matter.

Nuclear Arms Control

Perhaps the most striking difference between 1988 and 1980 is the degree to which the defense and foreign policy positions of this year's candidates are dominated by their stance on arms control. This suggests that the job of the President has been redefined to make arms control a principal function of his or her duties.

"The greatest responsibility of our next President is peace," Michael Dukakis stated in an August 1987 appeal for funds. "Rather than condemning the Evil Empire, our President must engage the Soviets in a dialogue that produces genuine reductions in the world's nuclear arsenals." While every campaign generates rhetoric of this sort, Dukakis's words do suggest a significant change in the national mood from prior years. This shift is evident in the remarks of other candidates. Paul Simon, for instance, has pledged that his first act as President would be to telephone Mikhail Gorbachev and propose an immediate moratorium on underground nuclear testing. Richard Gephardt, for his part, has called for an annual U.S.-Soviet summit on arms control, and Jesse Jackson has promised to adopt a "no first use" policy regarding nuclear weapons. Even Albert Gore, considered the most hawkish of the Democratic candidates, has put great emphasis on arms control in his campaign literature.

Nor have the Democrats been alone in stressing the arms control issue. Vice President Bush, seeking to capitalize on the positive public sentiment generated by the I.N.F. treaty, has promised to pursue the effort begun by President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev last December to negotiate deep cuts in strategic nuclear weapons. Senator Robert Dole, who professes a somewhat more hawkish stance than Bush, nevertheless states that he is "a strong proponent of meaningful nuclear arms reduction." The Democrats' "hawk," Gore, while expressing some skepticism about the new Soviet leadership, nonetheless has suggested that the "emergence of Mr. Gorbachev is a powerful incentive to work even harder for new agreements with the Soviet Union."

As to what sorts of agreements might be on the bargaining table, each candidate has advanced a somewhat different agenda. Most, however, begin with a call for sharp reductions in offensive nuclear missiles. As suggested by Representative Gephardt, "The next priority of negotiation must be to reduce the most dangerous, the largest and most deadly ICBMs—the huge Soviet land-based missiles and the weapons we have to counter them." Similar remarks can be found in the statements of many of the other candidates, including some Republicans.

Beyond this, the idea that has received the most attention is a ban on underground nuclear testing—which, as mentioned, is supported unanimously by the Democrats (who see it as a way of reversing the momentum of the arms race) and opposed by the Republicans (who consider it essential to the development of Star Wars systems). A similar alignment (Democrats for, Republicans against) prevails regarding a ban on the testing and deployment of antisatellite weapons.

The picture is somewhat more complex on three other measures being discussed this election year: the development of the "Midgetman" ICBM, a moratorium on flight testing of ballistic missiles, and deployment of the Trident D-5 sea-launched ballistic missile (SLBM).

The Midgetman is a mobile, single-warhead ICBM that its advocates say would give the United States a more secure second-strike, retaliatory capacity (in contrast to existing silo-based ICBMs, which have a fixed location and thus can be easily targeted by Soviet weapons), and do so without providing a significant first-strike capability (since it would have only one warhead, not the multiple independent re-

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entry vehicle, or "MIRV," warheads of the Minuteman and MX). Although many arms control experts have questioned the supposed virtues of the Midgetman, it has become a favorite of some mainstream Democrats, who argue that the party must be for *some* nuclear weapons and not automatic naysayers [see Klare, "Arms and the Democrats," *The Nation*, November 8, 1986]. Prominent among these is Senator Gore, who has made the Midgetman a central feature of his arms control strategy. The substitution of such missiles for existing ICBMs "is the single most logical way for our forces and Soviet forces to evolve," he wrote earlier this year. The Midgetman is also supported by Gephardt and Simon but is opposed by Dukakis and Jackson. While not generally opposing the Midgetman, the Republicans tend to put more emphasis on the MX missile and its proposed deployment in a "rail garrison" mode.

A missile flight test ban has been proposed by advocates of a nuclear freeze, who see it as a means of preventing the development and deployment of new, more accurate ICBMs and SLBMs (which would have to be extensively tested in flight before they could be introduced into the arsenals of the superpowers). The ban is supported by Dukakis, Gephardt, Jackson and Simon. It would, however, effectively prevent the development of a mobile missile, and thus is opposed by Gore, who favors the Midgetman; it is also universally opposed by the Republican candidates.

The Trident D-5 is a long-range SLBM that would endow U.S. missile-carrying submarines—for the first time—with weapons of sufficient accuracy and yield to destroy Soviet ICBMs in their underground silos. Because the D-5 could theoretically be used in a coordinated first strike against Soviet land-based missiles, it is viewed by many arms control experts as a provocative, destabilizing weapon. For this reason, it is opposed by Dukakis, Gore and Jackson. However, some Democrats, including Gephardt, support the D-5 on the ground that it is a less vulnerable and less threatening alternative to land-based ICBMs.

Dealing With Gorbachev

For the first time in decades, the Soviet Union is being led by a dynamic figure whose policy initiatives cannot be ignored by American leaders. This year's presidential candidates emphasize their purported ability to deal with Mikhail Gorbachev. This ability is considered especially critical in arms control negotiations, which generally entail one-on-one encounters between the Soviet and American heads of state. Vice President Bush touts the fact that he has dealt with Gorbachev in the past and thus is best able to conduct U.S. foreign policy in the future, the cornerstone of his campaign. But other candidates have been just as emphatic in claiming competence to deal with the Soviet leader—although their definitions of the most effective approach vary widely.

According to Senator Dole, the best strategy is to regard Gorbachev's initiatives not as a departure from previous Soviet policies but as a continuation of them. "What alarms me most about Mr. Gorbachev," he declared in Iowa City on January 19, is that "for all he brings that is new, [he] also brings something that is very, very old: the convictions of a committed, dedicated, tough-as-nails Communist." In dealing with such an opponent, he argues, we must never relax our determination to resist Soviet repression and adventurism. Despite the urgency of diminishing the nuclear peril, we must never allow a future U.S.-Soviet summit to be a "one-issue (arms control) meeting"; rather, "we must use a summit or any such meeting to keep the pressure on the Kremlin for its inhumane human rights record."

A rather different perspective on Gorbachev is offered by Governor Dukakis. "Everybody I know who is a student of the Soviet Union and has had an opportunity to observe at first hand what's going on there believes that Gorbachev does represent almost a fundamental generational change in Soviet leadership," he observed in May 1987. The new Soviet leadership is too tied up with political and economic reform at home to be "spending billions and billions on weapons of war." For this reason, "We have what may be the best opportunity for meaningful arms control that we've had in our lifetimes."

While most of the candidates confine their hopes for improved East-West relations to progress on arms control, a few have sketched out an entirely new approach to the Soviet Union, entailing cooperation on a wide variety of fronts. Particularly noteworthy in this regard is Jesse Jackson, who has advocated a superpower relationship based on the concept of "common security." Under this policy, he says, "we should take the leadership in forging a new era of engagement, seeking joint ventures and common projects that build structures of peace as we reduce weapons of destruction." Such undertakings, he suggested, could include peaceful cooperation in space, joint efforts to end hunger in the Third World and measures to protect the environment.

None of the other candidates is prepared to go quite that far, but there seems to be an emerging perception that the traditional U.S. approach—one largely forged early in the cold war—is of diminishing utility in dealing with a leader like Gorbachev. Some change in the character of the U.S.-Soviet relationship thus appears inevitable, no matter who is elected in 1988.

Conventional Forces

All of the presidential candidates except Jackson favor some sort of buildup in conventional weapons. The emphasis on conventional forces stems from three interrelated phenomena: (1) a perception that the risk of nuclear war has diminished because of progress on arms control and the apparent thaw in U.S.-Soviet hostility; (2) the widespread belief that the Soviet Union enjoys a substantial advantage in conventional forces, and thus will fare better than the West from the nuclear arms reductions mandated by the I.N.F. treaty; and (3) a vague sense that any decline in East-West tensions is likely to be accompanied by an increase in North-South hostilities.

Although these assumptions are rarely exposed to rigorous scrutiny, they have acquired a life of their own and, like the "missile gap" of the 1960s and the "window of vulnerability" in the 1980s, have become a fixture in the speeches

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This issue raises serious questions about the U.S. role in the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight 007. David Pearson's study argues that U.S. authorities at the highest level knew the airliner was off course much earlier than they have admitted and that the questions raised by the official versions of the story can only be resolved by a Congressional inquiry. *(August 18/25, 1984)*

K.A.L. 007: Unanswered Questions

This issue updates the ground-breaking K.A.L. story from the year before. David Pearson, John Keppel and David Corn analyze new Japanese radar data, examine a Nation Institute-sponsored review, by aviation experts, of the final airliner transmission and describe the government's efforts to obstruct investigation. *(August 17/24, 1985)*

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The Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement

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Nuclear Samizdat

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Disarmament: Covering the Unthinkable

Richard Pollak takes a critical look at the media coverage of indisputably the most important issue facing mankind; Michael Kazin gives a brief history of the birth of the freeze movement; and David Corn presents a useful directory of organizations working on the disarmament issue. *(May 1, 1982)*

The New Arms Technology

From the catapult to particle beam weapons, the engineering of death has concentrated more attention and resources than any other human endeavor. Nine experts explore and explain arms technology—both conventional and nuclear—and trace the political decisions that have led us closer to Armageddon than ever before. *(April 9, 1983)*

Central America

Appearing just after the controversial Kissinger report in January 1984, the special issue on Central America offered a strong refutation of the Administration's views. The arguments still hold. Highlighted by Walter LaFeber's overview, William LeoGrande's analysis of the domestic political fallout and Peter Davis's compelling firsthand report on the Nicaraguan revolution, the issue is important and informative. *(January 28, 1984)*

Latin America: A Political Guide

An invaluable survey of thirty-three Latin American countries by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*'s award-winning Latin America correspondent. *(August 22/29, 1981)*

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and position papers of the various candidates. This is particularly true of the Democrats, who tend to balance their calls for nuclear arms control with tough language on nonnuclear systems.

Characteristic of this trend is the campaign rhetoric of Michael Dukakis. "Our greatest need," he declared at Georgetown University in September 1987, "is in our conventional strength." This is so, he explained, "because if it is necessary to use military force in the future, we are much more likely to use our conventional forces than our nuclear forces." Yet, during the Reagan Administration, "we have badly neglected our conventional forces." Noting that this neglect is particularly worrisome in Europe, he affirmed his determination "to build a conventional military capability that is tough and strong and versatile and equal to the task of defending Europe."

Returning to this theme two months later in a speech in Dallas, Dukakis proposed a "conventional defense initiative" (C.D.I.) to supplant the President's Strategic Defense Initiative (S.D.I.). The aim of this conventional buildup, he said, would be to bolster U.S. defenses in Europe through the introduction of new antitank weapons, air defense systems and other hardware designed to offset the Soviet advantage in nonnuclear forces. "We may not be able to make nuclear weapons obsolete," he explained, "but a C.D.I. might be able to make the current generation of Soviet tanks obsolete."

Similar concerns have been expressed by many of the other candidates. "In nuclear forces, we have a deterrent second to none," Representative Gephardt stated in September 1987. "But it is not nuclear weaponry alone that we require. We must have strong conventional forces—to deter aggression, to carry the battle if we have to fight it and to reduce the risk that any future President will ever have to face pressure to go nuclear because we have no other effective response." Like Dukakis, Gephardt called for the procurement of improved conventional forces in Europe.

Running throughout the campaign literature of the 1988 candidates is an emphasis on the development of high-tech weapons that could be used to overcome the numerical advantage of Warsaw Pact forces. "Rather than try to match the Soviets soldier for soldier," Gephardt declared in 1987, "American strategy should play to our strengths," which he said lie primarily "in the area of technology." To exploit that advantage, he argued, requires "a commitment to weapons that can cheaply and efficiently counter the Soviet superiority in numbers." This approach enjoys strong support from leaders of both parties and is certain to emerge as the pre-eminent U.S. military concern of the 1990s, just as strategic nuclear modernization was the dominant one of the 1980s.

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Third World Intervention

Closely linked to the issue of conventional forces is the question of U.S. military intervention in Third World conflicts. Because of its obvious link to the trauma of Vietnam, most candidates are reluctant to address this issue head on; it is, nonetheless, a topic of increasing concern in Washington, and thus cannot be avoided altogether. And while most candidates oppose hairtrigger responses to crises abroad, their campaign rhetoric suggests a growing commitment to the use of military force in such disputes.

Perhaps most notable in this regard is Senator Gore, who has attempted to distinguish himself from the other Democrats on precisely such issues. Alone of the Democrats, he has raised the Vietnam specter in his campaign speeches. "Up until the Vietnam War," he said in one speech, Democrats "had a consensus on America playing a strong role in the world." Since Vietnam, debate over this question has produced a painful split within the party. "But it's healing, ladies and gentlemen, it's healing before our very eyes." In the process, "Democrats are coming home" to the tradition of a strong national defense.

Although Gore's motive in adopting this approach is presumably opportunistic—to gain the support of conservative Southern Democrats—it is significant that he believes that he can make political headway by repudiating the "Vietnam syndrome," that is, public resistance to direct involvement in internal Third World conflicts. Indeed, while not one of the other Democratic candidates has been willing to emulate the hawkish stance adopted by Gore, most have felt it necessary to reassure listeners of their willingness to use military force if the circumstances warrant it. In his Dallas speech, for instance, Dukakis vowed, "I will never hesitate to use force if it is essential to defend our national interests, protect American lives, honor our treaty commitments or apprehend those who have committed international crimes against our citizens."

Nor is this mere rhetoric. In identifying the military programs they would support, several of the candidates have singled out airlift and sealift systems for the rapid deployment of expeditionary forces. A conventional buildup, Dukakis said, "means strengthening airlift and sealift capacity so that we can get our forces to the front in time to fight a war, not just watch one." Similarly, Gephardt has specifically identified the fast sealift ship now being developed and the C-17 cargo plane as systems he would promote if elected President. Several of the candidates, including Dukakis and Dole, have also supported the further growth of America's special operations forces—the Army's Green Berets, the Navy's SEALs and other such contingents.

As to how and when such forces might be used, the candidates have not been very specific. Most have called for a tough response to acts of terrorism, but nobody has spelled out what sorts of military measures he would employ. They

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are more definite in their comments on the U.S. Navy presence in the Persian Gulf. Dukakis, Gephardt, Jackson and Simon have criticized the naval buildup, suggesting that it invites escalation without providing any significant benefits. In place of the existing U.S. policy, Dukakis and Jackson call for a multinational naval presence plus a United Nations–sponsored effort to arrange a cease-fire, backed by a mandatory arms embargo. Gore, however, has defended the U.S. presence, suggesting that we cannot "turn tail and abandon the principle of freedom of the seas because of saber rattling by the Ayatollah Khomeini."

On Central America and the Caribbean, the Democrats unanimously oppose the Administration's hard-line policy centered on aid to the *contras*. But here, too, a number of differences can be discerned. Harking back to the Grenada invasion, Jackson has condemned that U.S. military action and Dukakis has expressed strong doubts about its necessity, questioning whether the U.S. medical students were actually in any danger; Gore has defended the incursion. "Reverend Jackson and Governor Dukakis are both wrong," he said on October 5, contending that American students were in jeopardy and "a bunch of thugs" had taken over the government. Similarly, on Nicaragua, Dukakis, Gephardt, Jackson and Simon oppose any kind of U.S. military action, while Gore argues that a naval blockade may be necessary to force the Sandinistas to make democratic reforms. "I disagree with the way Ronald Reagan has handled Central America," he said, "but that's not to say we should go whole-hog in the other direction."

Although it is impossible to predict from their campaign statements how the candidates would react to future crises, their campaign rhetoric reflects a growing inclination among U.S. policy-makers to consider the possibility of direct military intervention in Third World conflicts. (Readers seeking more information on the candidates' views on arms issues should consult: ***Nuclear Arms Control and the 1988 Presidential Candidates***, published by the Council for a Livable World and Freeze Voter Education Fund; ***Arms Control Today***, issues of January/February and March 1988; and ***Deadly Silence***, published by the Arab American Institute.)

These, then, are some of the major military and foreign policy issues that have been discussed by the 1988 presidential candidates and are likely to persist as significant policy questions in the years ahead. Obviously, some important issues are not being seriously debated in the election. Although all of the candidates have taken a stand one way or the other on economic sanctions against South Africa, there has been no discussion of an overall policy toward Southern Africa; and while the candidates, to a man, have made ambiguous comments on the need for peace talks in the Middle East, not one, save Jesse Jackson, has spelled out a peace program that would involve the Palestinians as active participants. But despite these omissions, the 1988 campaign has provided us, for the first time, with some important clues as to how U.S. policy will be reshaped in the post-Reagan era. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Rehabilitating Bitov

EDWARD J. BROWN

PUSHKIN HOUSE. *By Andrei Bitov. Translated by Susan Brownsberger. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 371 pp. $22.50.*

For an innovative writer in the Soviet Union, a literary career has until recently involved a number of hazards. Several years ago the brilliant and now exiled Soviet writer Andrei Sinyavsky wrote: "At the moment the fate of the Russian writer has become the most intriguing, the most fruitful literary topic in the whole world; he is either being imprisoned, internally exiled, or simply kicked out." Andrei Bitov suffered none of these punishments: He was never imprisoned and, unlike Sinyavsky and the two Nobel laureates Solzhenitsyn and Brodsky, he has not been "kicked out." Yet he did experience the more typical fate of having his finest work, ***Pushkin House***, languish for years without a publisher. The work, completed toward the end of the 1960s, circulated in *samizdat* among a widening circle of friends, admirers and strangers at home and abroad after suffering repeated rejection by the guardians of the Soviet literary preserve. In 1975 it experienced the indignity of being published in a castrated Soviet version. But by way of *tamizdat* (publication "over there") the complete novel was finally published here in its full Russian version in 1978, by Ardis Publishers. Now with Gorbachev, *glasnost* and literary *perestroika*, a somewhat abbreviated version of ***Pushkin House*** will appear this year in the Soviet journal *New World*. And in a happy instance of symmetry, the book has also been published in this very competent English translation, equipped with notes and a brief commentary.

Most of Bitov's earlier and shorter works, certain of which appeared in English in a volume entitled *Life in Windy Weather* (Ardis, 1986), are already well known. These brief narratives formed part of a movement of the 1960s that literary historians have labeled "youth prose," though as a matter of fact some of its adepts were well on in years. The kind of writing summed up under that term appeared in the years of Khrushchev's thaw as a reaction to the purposeful, transparent and patterned writing featured—enforced would be a better word—under the regime of "socialist realism." In those early narratives Bitov wrote of the psychological experiences of a character at a moment of intense inner agitation, which is usually occasioned not by weighty events either public or private but by deeply felt, though minor, personal crises. Bitov's descriptions of the mind's approach to ordinary notions of cause and effect is often startling, producing images that remind us of Andrei Bely, Nabokov and Yuri Olesha. Like Nabokov, a chance visual surprise is generalized (mistakenly, but effectively): "Have you ever noticed how all animals run a little sideways?" Or consider some red motorcycles described as "grazing" at the side of the road. These examples of linguistically realized naïve apprehension are from "A Country Place," a subjective account of a writer's drift and uncertainty when the white pages on his study table, intended to receive his fictions, remain white. Curiously anticipating the structure of ***Pushkin House***, this account of a writer's experience is accompanied by some "Notes From a Corner," in which the author illuminates the process of turning life into fiction. Some critics have complained that Bitov writes only about himself; he of course agrees, asking, "What else is there to write about?"

The main action of ***Pushkin House*** occurs, speaking metaphorically, in a place of that name—the many-chambered mansion of Russian literature founded, so to speak, by Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin early in the nineteenth century. The real Pushkin House, which serves as the vehicle of the metaphor, is a former mansion now a literary research institute on the Makarov Embankment of the Neva River. The hero, whose name is Lyova, is a literary scholar who works at the institute and whose mind is a resonance chamber that produces constant echoes of bright verbal moments in Russian literature, not only from Pushkin but from Tyutchev, Lermontov, Blok, Esenin, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky and many others, most of them identified here by the editor/translator in a useful set of footnotes intended for readers unfamiliar with this literature. One must admit that a lot of the book's poetic delight will be lost on such readers, although the editor has done what could be done, and there is much else to enjoy. In its literary allusiveness, the novel bears some resemblance to Nabokov's ***The Gift*** and of course to Bely's ***Petersburg*** and Joyce's *Ulysses*. It thus feeds on and develops an old and well-established literary tradition, the writing of a self-reflexive prose, bearing a sweet surfeit of already formed symbolic language.

Lyova is provided with a surname, Odoevtsev, that suggests descent from a noble Russian family and ties him firmly to the Russian past. His father, also a scholar, has fatally compromised his own honor and any claim to Lyova's respect by cowardly adjustments to official ideology. For Lyova there are really no excuses for this conduct, certainly not phrases such as, "You have to remember how things were. . . . It's hard to explain it all." But Lyova has Uncle Dickens and he has his grandfather, both of whom have been in trouble with the regime and are recently "back from somewhere." They are models of intentional maladjustment to Soviet society. The final answer of either to questions about contemporary life is likely to be the excremental expletive, which covers almost any situation that might arise. What distinguishes both relatives is their individualism, their absolute rejection of the stereotypes provided by Soviet culture, both the "evil" stereotypes of Stalin, and the "good" ones applied to his former victims, such as "rehabilitation," "undeserved punishment," "admission of errors" and the like. It's all shit! says grandfather, whose long alcoholic monologue provides us with a magnificent portrait of a mind incapable of compromise. Such a mind must reject the popular stereotype according to which he had suffered "undeservedly." Grandfather insists he was guilty; he did try to undermine the regime, and he'd suffered *deservedly* and proudly.

The structure of relationships worked out here is a variant on the fathers and sons theme, and Turgenev's novel is frequently invoked. Lyova rejects his proximate father in favor of more remote fa-

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thers and uncles, not only his grandfather and Uncle Dickens but also ultimately Pushkin, in whose "house" he works. The kinship structure is itself a metaphor of literary succession in the Russian formalist analysis, according to which important writers of the present reject their immediate predecessors (the fathers) in favor of "grandfathers" or "uncles." The writing of Bitov and some of his contemporaries may be taken as an illustration of that historical model; they rejected the socialist realist style of the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s in favor of a return to Bely and the symbolists, and the readoption of a distant uncle, Nabokov.

The novel is interspersed with discussions of other ways it might have been written or its characters developed; there are also other reflexive asides, such as apologies for the appearance of a character out of proper chronological order. The editor says that a number of booksellers could not believe this was a novel and shelved it under literary criticism. That would seem a naïve mistake nowadays, since so many modern or postmodern novels deal self-consciously with the process of their own production, or with problems of time and verisimilitude. And not only modern novels. ***Pushkin House*** frequently calls to mind Sterne's ***Tristram Shandy***, in which the narrator is often in a state of mock paralysis, lasting for a page or two, over a fictional character's conventional indifference to the real dimensions of time and space. But Bitov's work also calls to mind a Russian "novel in verse" that owed much to the Shandyian model, Pushkin's ***Eugene Onegin***, where subversions of narrative convention abound and are frequently commented on by the author.

At a critical point in his narrative Bitov tells us what it is all "about." "And if you asked us at this moment what the whole novel is about, we would not, at the moment, feel bewildered, but would confidently reply: 'Disorientation.'" At that point he seems to have in mind the agonizing suspense of a human being, and of the writer who undertakes to describe him, in an uncertain area where obvious biographical or historical facts do not account for either feelings or behavior, but where other and unprovable facts dominate the story. The author's disorientation seems to mimic that of his characters. He can't finally decide between versions and variants of his fiction. The peculiar power and teasing sense of the novel lies, I think, in that precarious balance of the narrator, who is none other than the Soviet writer Bitov, Andrei Georgievich, inventing and testing himself as he goes along. And Bitov gropes conscientiously among the facts of life and literature, using the best evidence he can find. □

'Ramrod' and 'Rainbow'

WENDY R. GIMBEL

THE DOLES: Unlimited Partners. *By Bob and Elizabeth Dole, with Richard Norton Smith. Simon and Schuster. 287 pp. $19.95.*

Their favorite story goes like this: After seeing a picture of Bob Dole and Elizabeth Dole making the bed together, an irate Californian sends a letter of complaint. Pictures of the Senator working around the house are causing problems for men all across America. Bob writes back, "You don't know the half of it. The only reason she was helping make the bed was because they were taking pictures."

Ramrod and Rainbow, as the Secret Service agents call them, rarely travel without that anecdote. Masters of self-promotion, resilient despite political defeats, they capitalize on that most desirable of American mythological images, the successful couple. We know their models—Nick and Nora, Tracy and Hepburn, Fred and Ginger—fantasies of talent and style, high-stepping their way to success. ***The Doles: Unlimited Partners***, their marital autobiography (written with Richard Norton Smith) creates a moral justification for that success. Given these charming people's determination to lead the country, the book seems to say, shouldn't they be allowed to do it?

Fair and full of grace, Rainbow opened her eyes in Salisbury, North Carolina, on a summer day in 1936. In Hallmark card rhetoric, she describes a childhood reminiscent of television serials of the 1950s. A magnolia tree shades the Hanford house—brick and stucco, in the English manner—and casts just the right amount of shadow over the prime-time American family. Her father looks like Harry Truman, has the same build, the same spectacles, but votes for Eisenhower. Her mother, currently Rainbow's best friend, specializes in Southern graciousness. "Whether reclaiming a neighborhood or whipping up a batch of persimmon pudding, Mother never tackled anything without giving it her all." Brother John has both the patience of Job and the deadpan humor of Jack Benny. Says Rainbow, "I put him on a pedestal as a child. As far as I'm concerned, he's still there."

Like celluloid families, the Hanfords have only synthetic problems. Troubles exist to show how sensibly life proceeds among the blessed. Rainbow falls apart for an hour or two when her second-grade teacher sends her home for a forgotten book. She recovers in time to win the Daughters of the Confederacy essay contest. Her father reprimands her for covering a wall with paper valentines; she cries only because she's disappointed him. (Rainbow has never liked to disappoint men.) At Boyden High School, Rainbow has difficulty learning to put a zipper in a skirt in her domestic science course; a nimble neighbor saves the day. (Classmate Wyndham has an equally tough time with cheese croquettes.) Mrs. Hanford throws up when she learns that her daughter doesn't want to major in home economics. Those of us who saw her through the zipper crisis, however, are not surprised.

At Duke University, Rainbow begins the real work of self-invention. She allows ambition to sweep her across the 1950s divide that separates the "girls with dates" from the "girls with data." In 1958 she graduates not only as president of the student government but also Queen of the May. As we see her now, she appears to be both—a lawyer in designer clothes, a Cabinet officer flirting in the Rose Garden. In not bartering her brains for a suburban life, Rainbow appears to have escaped the perils of her generation. But the angel of the house stalks her like a shadow self: Not simply her heliotropic behavior toward power but her instinct to please that power account for her ideological bent. In two decades of government work, her frequent reversals of position have caused one political observer to call her the "Wallenda of Washington's big top."

A political career that began when she whistle-stopped for Lyndon Johnson peaked with Rainbow's appointment as

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HYPOCRISY: AMERICA'S LEADING EXPORT

Under the cover of "making the world safe for democracy", the U.S. has countless Military interventions and covert operations directed at destabilizing sovereign nations and popularly supported governments. Washington, D.C.'s rhetoric about democratic rights is twice over a fraud. Its global exploits have more to do with propping up multinational corporate interests than with the export of democracy. And the U.S. record on democracy at home is abysmal.

The U.S. is ranked near the bottom of some 75 world-wide electoral democracies in voter participation. A maze of legislation and regulations restricts voter registration and impedes access to the ballot for insurgents and independents. A steady erosion of the fairness doctrine has led to monopolization of the media by heavily funded major party candidates. And genuine public debate on critical social and foreign policy issues is stifled by the lack of democratic process.

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Reagan's Secretary of Transportation. On the way, her voting registration changed from Democrat to independent to Republican. As her power increased she became ever more eager to please. Once a consumer advocate, she became a lobbyist for business interests. Ostensibly a feminist, she accepted the Sisyphean task of convincing women that the Reagan Administration shares their concerns. Rainbow's need to please, more frightening than sympathetic, even prevails over her commitment to public safety. In *The Washington Monthly*, Philip Weiss notes the irony of Rainbow's description of herself as the "safety secretary." He points out that during her tenure at the Department of Transportation she ignored automobile safety problems, which cost the lives of thousands of people, and weakened recall efforts. Airplane near-misses doubled, air-traffic controller errors increased by 18 percent and there were nineteen major airline mergers. Not once, he continues, has she sided with the public in defiance of the Administration.

In Rainbow's favor is her demonstration that a woman can attract the notice of fortune, that she can be dealt a powerful hand. But undercutting that feminist gain is an ambivalence that forces her to spin her wheels—worse yet, the country's wheels—whenever she's in charge.

Ramrod invents himself through another American myth: poverty-to-power. His narrative begins with an anecdote about a Kansan visitor impressed with Ramrod's fancy office as Senate majority leader. "Imagine a kid from Russell, Kansas, having an office like this." In tribute to this victory over a darkly imagined fate, Ramrod and his visitor fall silent before the marble fireplace.

The impact of Ramrod's childhood tale depends on the reader's assent to his romantic myth of small-town America. The Kansas prairie stands lonely and majestic, its wheat fields reflections of gold. "With a little imagination, you can see a herd of Texas longhorns bound for Abilene, or a wagon train lumbering along the Oregon trail." Dorothy, according to Ramrod, really disdained Oz and cried out for Kansas. Ramrod strives to project his feeling for rural America. He seeks identification with the great heartland Presidents—Lincoln of Hardin County, Kentucky, and Eisenhower of Abilene, Kansas. But ambition almost always overwhelms him and makes his sentimental stories look like hiding places for political desire.

In 1923, the year of Ramrod's birth, Kansans were singing, "Daddy stole our last clean sheet and joined the K.K.K." But Doran Dole and Bina Dole, Ramrod's parents, probably never even heard it. Their son would have us believe they were too busy becoming prairie icons. Clearly, Ramrod believes that future Presidents need exemplary stories—noble lies, as Plato called them—about their parents. "My father was the sort of man who never forgot a name, never went to a doctor and never felt as comfortable in a J.C. Penney suit as in his well-worn, immaculate wardrobe." His mother, a courageous Depression seamstress, sold sewing machines door to door to support the household. For her efforts, Ramrod slathers her with the same sentimental varnish. We are to remember Bina Dole endlessly waxing the little wooden porch at Eleventh and Maple. "Our home was humble but it was always spic and span." And then there's the line rehearsed for the presidential acceptance speech. "I'm sure that I owe much of whatever success I've achieved to her example."

The problem with Ramrod's use of this myth is that the values it communicates are at odds with the life he actually lives. George Bush chides Ramrod for telling audiences about his poverty-stricken childhood and failing to mention that he and his wife are now millionaires. Between 1982 and 1986 the Doles amassed an income of $2.19 million. When they fly in corporate jets, it's generally not to Bina's waxed-porch house in Russell but to their own grand Florida condominium.

On April 14, 1945, during the campaign for Italy, a shell ripped into Dole, leaving him paralyzed from the neck down. He spent three years in hospitals strengthening his body. Today, he still cannot grasp objects with his right hand or carry anything heavier than a pen. Limited sensation in the fingers of his left hand makes it impossible for him to feel the difference between a quarter and a dime. Once an athlete, he imagined himself reduced to selling pencils on street corners. You don't need to know Alfred Adler's theory of organ inferiority to see the connection between Ramrod's political ruthlessness and his feeling of helplessness, so it's surprising to find that Ramrod isn't up to even that level of self-awareness.

But what we really want is decent autobiography—experience transformed by insight into some kind of revelation. No

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doubt all campaign stories fall short of that standard, but this one feels particularly cloying and unconvincing. Admittedly, Ramrod fought for food stamps, lobbied for civil rights and supports aid to the handicapped, but the rest of his record disputes his vision of himself as brimming with social sympathy.

The tedious sermons about democracy and communism, which take no literary prizes, are meant to support an implacable conservatism. "Freedom," Ramrod never tires of reminding us, "is not easily won in the modern world." Echoing the President on aid to the *contras*, he praises them as "Nicaragua's freedom fighters." Opposing compliance with the Salt II agreement, and lobbying for the development of Star Wars, Ramrod sings another familiar tune: "Better to spend billions for defense than to lose one life on a foreign battlefield." On arms control, he has opposed the efforts of the Democratic Congress to force compliance with Salt II. Voting with pro-life groups on abortion and lobbying on behalf of the National Rifle Association, as Senate majority leader he managed a zero rating from Americans for Democratic Action.

Ramrod drowns us in homilies and platitudes intended to numb our capacity for discrimination. We are not allowed to assess his record, so insistently does he focus our attention on his brilliant tomorrow. We are not even permitted our own thoughts on the war wound. Instead, Ramrod sums up his experience of pain with a typically sentimental aphorism: "Maybe I couldn't use my hand, I told myself, but I could develop my mind. If unable to greet voters with my right hand, I could always reach out with my left."

Rainbow and Ramrod, Washington's power couple, have been married since 1975. Rainbow has now resigned her Cabinet post in order to campaign for her husband. It's not surprising that she would. Theirs is the eroticism of public life—the sexuality of a marriage shared with the crowd. When they write about themselves, their intentions aren't particularly honorable. They have, after all, an election to win. But despite their best efforts—and no political duo has ever tried harder—they don't ever become the distinguished couple of public myth. Something fraudulent pierces through the rhetoric—something meretricious, something indeed to worry about in November. □

State of Shock

JAMES MARCUS

BEER IN THE SNOOKER CLUB. *By Waguih Ghali. New Amsterdam Books/ The Meredith Press. 220 pp. $15.95.*

Waguih Ghali's first and only novel is set in Egypt during the late 1950s. For many American readers, not excluding this one, postwar Egyptian history is vague—part of that murky interval between the construction of the pyramids and the Six Day War—but Ghali's narrator, Ram, threads his way through the end of a turbulent, bitterly divisive decade. Between 1952 and 1953, a group of army officers removed King Farouk from his throne, replaced the sovereign with his infant son and eventually yielded power to Gamal Abdel Nasser, who soon took to cruising the Nile in Farouk's commandeered yacht. During the same period, the Egyptians tangled with British and French troops over the ownership of the Suez Canal and clashed with the Israelis over the Gaza Strip and the Sinai Peninsula—hostilities that would prevail for another three decades.

Surely these are the historical ingredients—military coup, internecine bickering, rear-guard actions against imperialist encroachment—for a grim pillorying of the Third World in the manner of V.S. Naipaul. So it's a surprise to discover in ***Beer in the Snooker Club*** a lighthearted comedy of cultural schizophrenia, one that actually makes you laugh. Ram is the black sheep of a wealthy Coptic family. He's another in a long literary tradition of "superfluous men" whose intelligence or timidity holds them aloof from the events around them. Distracted by women, gambling, alcohol and uncertainties about his own identity as an Anglicized Egyptian, Ram can't seem to get a fix on the surrounding upheavals.

Land reform, for instance, has disrupted the feudal patterns of ownership in Egypt, and in the first scene, Ram witnesses his aunt giving away the family holdings: "She must be tired, poor woman, signing a thousand papers a day and this her third day. I felt for her; a woman with ten thousand acres to look after—but happily the regime allowed her only two hundred." Ram, who's come to cadge a few pounds from the old dowager, registers mild pleasure at this lost acreage. Not too much, though. He's too conscious of his own rich-kid status to glory in agrarian reform or to live, as some of his friends do, in the poor sections of Old Cairo as a gesture of solidarity. "With me," he says, "it would be gimmicky. There is a touch of gimmick in whatever I do." In a sense, ***Beer in the Snooker Club*** is the saga of Ram's self-consciousness, his quest for a gimmick-free life. He longs to recover his "natural self," whose loss is laid at the door of, what else, European culture. Or more specifically, British culture.

His generation's love-hate relationship with Great Britain gives Ghali's novel its comic force. A protectorate until 1922, Egypt has now made Great Britain, along with Israel and NATO, the enemy. Nonetheless, Ram and his friends have been educated at English public schools and molded by English culture. Even the beer they drink at the snooker club—a mixture of flat Egyptian beer, vodka and whiskey rechristened "Draught Bass"—pays tribute to an old master and current enemy. And the complications of their Anglophilia go even deeper, for Ram and company have come of age along with the angry young men. Identifying themselves with the heroes of Osborne and Sillitoe and Amis, they can share vicarious rage at a nation that, after all, they have adequate home-grown reason to despise. Ram's friend Font goes so far as to sell cucumbers from a market stall in homage to Jimmy Porter, the hero of ***Look Back in Anger***. Armed with airmailed copies of the *New Statesman* and ***The Guardian***, they follow British left politics with rabid attention. Ram reports these debates with a certain impatience:

> The ludicrous position of an Egyptian sitting in Cairo and being furious because of Gaitskell's stand on the manufacture of nuclear weapons in England doesn't strike Font. Admittedly he began by being furious about Egyptian internal politics as well, but that too was ludicrous, like a Lucky Jim would have been in England during Dickens's time. It was like trying to ice a cake while it was still in the oven.

Still, their borrowed anger mingles with a frank curiosity, a fascination with the "world of intellectuals and underground

James Marcus is a novelist and critic.

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metros and cobbled streets and a green countryside...where students had rooms, and typists for girl-friends, and sang songs and drank beer in large mugs."

This is the fascination that Ram feels has undone him. He has spent more than a year in Great Britain, and he traces his fatal self-consciousness to that period. He argues in pubs, skirmishes with the Home Office over his visa, briefly joins the Communist Party and enjoys various sexual misadventures. All this, Ram says, was a mistake. His immersion in British culture, his furnished room in Battersea, has deracinated him; he has lost an essential part of himself, his natural self. He says, "I have become a character in a book or in some other feat of the imagination. . . . Both audience and participant in one—a fictitious character." There's something more to this genuine pain than the old noble savage, spoiled by his first feed at civilization's table. What Ram actually mourns is his old complacency. "Oh, blissful ignorance," he says. "Wasn't it nice to go to the Catholic church with my mother before I ever heard of Salazar or of the blessed troops to Ethiopia?" He has to pin his lost innocence on something, though, and culture will do for a culprit.

If this were a more traditional *Bildungsroman*, Ram would probably put aside childish things, plunge into responsibility and thus rediscover his natural self. He hints at such a scenario: "Yes, I've had a long holiday and sowed my wild Quaker oats and Fabian rubbish and now it's time for maturity, etc, etc." But after returning from England and settling into a routine of booze and snooker, he finally discovers his "Egyptian" identity *in situ*—his bantering tolerance is in fact a key to his natural self:

> Like Jameel and Yehia, I am real Egyptian. I have our humor. Even though my "Egyptian" has been enfeebled by my stay in England and by the books I have read, I have the Egyptian character. . . . We would have all died long ago if we didn't have our humor.

With his sense of identity at least temporarily shored up, Ram proposes marriage to a rich Egyptian girl, and concludes the novel by setting up the evening's poker game at Groppi's bar.

Whether *Beer in the Snooker Club* offers a satisfactory analysis of the Egyptian national character is open to debate. What's undeniable is that Ghali's novel reproduces a cultural state of shock with great accuracy and great humor. His gallery of minor characters, such as the snooker-playing Armenians, Arevian and Doromian, or Ram's Uncle Amis the Pasha, play perfect straight men for the narrator. And Ram's jokes—which, he insists, are "as much culture as calypso is to West Indians, or as spirituals and jazz are to American Negroes"—become the medium in which the author has suspended his time and place. His deromanticized Egypt is a gift, the perfect antidote to the *Alexandria Quartet*. Alas, Ghali committed suicide in 1968, leaving no other novelistic record of his own country. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Miriam Makeba

My life, my career, every song I sing and every appearance I make, are bound up with the plight of my people.
—Miriam Makeba

With the exception of Bob Marley's, perhaps no musical career since Paul Robeson's has illustrated so forcefully the bitter fruits of imperialism and racism as Miriam Makeba's. For the first time in years, Makeba has come out from under the censor's thumb (the entertainment industry's racist categories) and released a new record. *Sangoma* (Warner Bros.), the word for a diviner-healer like Makeba's own Swazi mother, seeks in part to resolve the rifts driven deep into African societies by their European conquerors. By collecting songs from various tribal cultures, it illustrates the working relationship between music and life. Whether they're intended for social events like calling forth healing spirits or for more mundane tasks like teaching young Xhosas how to make the clicks that are part of their language, Makeba wraps the songs in her rich and supple voice—now lilting and yodeling, now throaty and intent—to stunning effect. She subtly varies the arrangements and presentations, shaping her adaptations to convey the spirit of the original settings without lapsing into the dusty museum-piece format so beloved of folklorists. It's obvious that kind of treatment wouldn't occur to her; for Makeba, as for the peoples she's representing on this disk, the sounds caught here aren't

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relics, they're still alive. Hence their power and claim on our attention.

If Makeba's sheer talent has earned a hearing for her music, she's always known that that music had a social role to play. That awareness has frequently brought her, like Robeson and Marley, head to head with various authorities. One of her distinguishing traits, after all, is the way in which she has consistently sought the place of the *griot* in society, a timeless platform from which to comment on her own time. Though her earliest show-biz days in South Africa slotted her as an entertainer, as her fame grew she became aware of Nelson Mandela and the African National Congress. Brought to the United States through the influence of activist-performer Harry Belafonte, she not only hit the charts but with his encouragement began speaking out against apartheid at forums like the United Nations in 1963. As a consequence her records were banned in South Africa. (Her passport had already been revoked three years earlier.) Her politics also made an important impact on U.S. civil rights activism, and she eventually married Stokely Carmichael. It was a move for which she paid in ways too numerous to describe here, but which included the destruction of her U.S. musical career, her forum for effecting social consciousness and change.

Until now. Among the many ironies that Paul Simon's *Graceland* (Warner Bros.) has trailed in its massive wake is the vastly expanded awareness in this country of how the tangled transmission of music around the globe works. Simon himself, turned on to the sounds of South African *mbaqanga* or township jive by a bootleg cassette given to him by a friend, dealt with the political crosscurrents created by the making and release of *Graceland* with his usual reticence—explaining that he didn't want to make comments that might endanger the South African musicians he'd worked with. He did venture to say he hoped the audience that listened to *Graceland* would find its way past the boycott to the black South African musical forms which underlay his work, and wrote liner notes (and played tracks at his record-release press conference) intended to help launch just that process of education. Nevertheless, he then found himself under attack from people who wanted him to be more explicitly critical of apartheid (though he'd explicitly criticized it repeatedly); who demanded to know how he could take the politically insulting step of including Linda Ronstadt on a duet about Ladysmith Black Mambazo's leader, Joseph Shabalala, after she had played South Africa's Sun City apartheid entertainment complex; who refused to believe his relation to the music was anything but a rip-off, and so on.

The lack of subtlety in cultural criticism here is nothing new, of course. To take a related and celebrated instance, a couple of years ago a large group of well-intentioned stars including Bruce Springsteen, George Clinton, members of the Rolling Stones and U2, Gil Scott-Heron, Peter Gabriel, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Herbie Hancock and Run-D.M.C., recorded a cooperative L.P. called *Sun City* to declare their solidarity about never playing there. The notes on the sleeve announce, "All artist royalties will be donated to The Africa Fund. . . . The income will benefit political prisoners and their families in South Africa, educational and cultural needs of South African exiles, and educational work of anti-apartheid groups in the United States." Worthy goals all, and greeted with much and much-deserved applause. But the artists' good intentions could not prevent deeper perversions at work in the entertainment conglomerate which marketed their product. EMI, whose U.S. Manhattan arm released *Sun City* to kudos, is a British-based multinational whose South African companies have long been key players on the South African cultural scene—and their corporate share of that same disk's proceeds weren't going anywhere except to company coffers to fuel, however indirectly, more of the same abuses the L.P. so eloquently attacked. As far as I know, none of the people who questioned Simon even glimpsed that industrial sleight of hand.

Simon's *Graceland* tour answered at least some of his critics' salvos by demonstrating that he'd learned more from African music than just a few new beats. For starters, the show was not divided into "acts." Instead, in the manner of a freewheeling African revue, players came and went, and different performers like Ladysmith, exiled South African trumpeter Hugh Masekela and Simon himself fronted the festivities at various points and then drew back. This democratic display was echoed in two superficially unrelated tunes. One was an old American doo-wop hit from 1957 called "Whispering Bells"; Simon included it because the group that had originally

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cut it, the Dell-Vikings, was one of the extremely rare mixed-race lineups of the time. The other number, the A.N.C. anthem, was introduced and led by Miriam Makeba, who, as Simon explained to crowd after crowd, has been an outcast from the land of her birth for twenty-eight years. (*Sangoma*, like Masekela's own evocative Afro-jazz-and-beyond *Tomorrow*, has been released by Warner Bros., Simon's label, through his intercession. This is ironic since it was Warner's Reprise arm that canceled Makeba's contract in the late 1960s when she married Stokely Carmichael and got too close to black power for the music business's comfort.)

Makeba's powerful autobiography, *Makeba: My Story* (New American Library, $18.95), documents the details of her painful exile, as well as filling in the social and cultural contexts. Her mother, imprisoned with baby Miriam for brewing homemade beer, gets certain privileges because she can speak Afrikaans as a result of childhood laboring on an Afrikaner's farm, and so can translate between the polyglot prisoners and the monoglot guards. ("I lie on the floor and keep quiet," she writes of herself at this point in one of many searing asides. "I am a perfect baby, for a felon." Who can read such lines without wondering exactly how many babies still languish in South African prisons?)

Makeba understands only too well how cultural controls undermine sources of potential revolt within the oppressed community:

> It is illegal for a black to own a short-wave radio. We might hear things from the outside world that we should not, like how other people in totalitarian states are rising up against their oppressors. If you can afford one, you can have a regular radio, and listen all day to syrupy white people's music and censored newscasts. There are two sets of newspapers: the ones for the whites and the ones for us. The authorities control the content of the black press, although natives staff the editorial positions. . . . Nothing is connected with real life. There are stories about witches casting spells on people. Every crime committed by a black is played up. The advertisements tell us we are ugly, and the only way to obtain true beauty is to become as much like a white as possible. . . . The whites have to justify their rape of our land, and so they claim we are inferior. . . . First, your self-respect disappears. You begin to hate everything that is black. The white culture is full of references to things that are black and evil.

Both Makeba's book and her music make it clear she harbors no reciprocal cultural exclusivity. And in fact, over her long career, her music has consistently demonstrated just the opposite point of view while anticipating the current outbreak of interest in international sounds. Her choice of material, for instance, has never been circumscribed by geography or color: Besides her South African repertoire, she has consistently presented songs from all over the continent, including Yiddish, Near Eastern and other material, and her backing musicians have usually been a deliberately heterogeneous lot drawn from around the globe. If her on- and off-stage statements about imperial racism in its various guises have not loosened its hold, perhaps her musical example can, in the end, help weaken some of the ideological barriers that support the culturally ratified criminality she and others are still struggling against. □

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

The Mark Morris Dance Company
The Armitage Ballet
Peter Martins

During the 1980s we've witnessed a change in the way dancers treat the past: Where they used to dismiss or exploit its ideas, they now pay homage to its facts. The homage takes various forms; most obvious are the reconstructions and revivals that have tried for accuracy in detail as well as in general atmosphere. Among them are four imposing works by George Balanchine (*Gounod Symphony*, *Divertimento*, *Concierto de Mozart* and *Symphonie Concertante*); a fair amount of early Graham, including two persuasive monuments to her 1930s company of women (*Heretic* and *Celebration*); and the Joffrey Ballet's 1987 reconstruction of the legendary Nijinsky-Roerich *Rite of Spring*, which ran only for eight or nine performances in 1913 before Diaghilev dropped it from the Ballets Russes.

But modern retrieval systems can fetch up work even more ephemeral. In 1982, New York City saw reconstructions of one-time-only experiments from the 1960s by affiliates of the Judson Dance

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Theatre, for whom survival was once equivalent to revolutionary failure. Jerome Robbins is currently reconstructing his own choreography for Broadway musicals, and last fall the Alvin Ailey company presented a program of Katherine Dunham's 1930s and 1940s revue pieces. The two highly influential anthology shows produced by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, *Tango Argentino* and *Flamenco Puro*, attempted to preserve actual dance techniques as well as dramatize their motivating emotions—even as the tango palaces of Buenos Aires are emptying out and the Andalusian caves becoming increasingly commercialized. Over and over we learn that the theater relates to society, but perversely. As the impetus for a dance grows weak in the field, its action is more robustly translated to the stage. In the case of certain ancient styles whose native practitioners are themselves endangered (like the Tibetans) or whose distinctive supporting cultures are rapidly merging into larger ones (the dances of southern India and parts of Africa), scholarship is actually replacing spontaneous performance.

We're seeing another, deeper response to history, too: the incorporation of its imagery into contemporary choreography. To some extent, this is what dance has always done. Theatrical dancing progresses according to how one choreographer reinterprets (or creatively misunderstands) his or her predecessors: Bournonville reinvented Vestris, Balanchine reinvented Petipa, Nijinska reinvented Nijinsky, Taylor reinvented Graham. In the words of Stravinsky, "The artist imposes a culture upon himself and ends by imposing it upon others." That is the dynamic of tradition. The choreographers of the 1980s are perhaps the most scholarly that dancing has ever produced, with a bewildering wealth of documentation available to them—including, of course, videotape. They are the first generation of choreographers who can look back on a *literature* of dancing, in the way that writers can look back on printed texts. And yet, the effect seems to be that their vision is more narrow, their horizons lower, their perspectives more eccentric than those of the predecessors they venerate.

We may be losing the capacity for the fullest kind of classic expression in choreography. In saying this, I intend a distinction between the technique of classic ballet—a codified vocabulary and system of training—and the principles of classicism in the making of art. For both, the ultimate model is the art of Hellenistic Greece, in which the human figure is portrayed as an agent of health, strength and especially beauty, even in moments of extreme testing. Classic ballet, whose principles have been refracted through the aesthetics of the Renaissance, also emphasizes the aerial qualities of motion (or the upward accent implicit in walking) and that quality we call "line," the Euclidean geometry embedded in turned-out positions. Classic dance expression, however, is not a matter of how the dancer looks but of how he or she behaves: It is a dramatic and musical issue rather than a purely visual one. Its characteristics are a calm center (both physical and psychological), a directness of perspective and tone, an orientation outside the self toward the world and a continual effort to engage wildly opposing forces in some sort of balance. The pas de deux dramatizes this balancing act most quickly and clearly, although a great individual like Graham or Duncan can sometimes build the balancing effect into a solo, or a work for star pitted against chorus, as the ancients could build it into the play of forces within a single stone figure or among the overlapping forms on a frieze.

These are by no means the only principles in art, nor do they constitute a formula for masterpieces; much of the dancing I value has been devised by artists for whom the word "classic" has no particular significance, or a negative one. The loss I mean is circumscribed; dancing is a human impulse and will survive all sorts of stylistic transmogrification. But there is a particular effect that young choreographers seem unable to attain on a proscenium stage. "In ballet, the clumsy becomes graceful," Balanchine wrote. "The hesitant, inarticulate thought is expressed in direct, eloquent gesture, and nothing appears impossible; love can triumph over everything. In many great ballets, love does." Astaire and Rogers are classic in this light; so are the figures of Merce Cunningham's *Septet*, of Graham's *Appalachian Spring*, of Paul Taylor's *Roses*, of Twyla Tharp's *Nine Sinatra Songs*. And then, a curious vacancy.

To learn how the next generation of choreographers compares, consider the work of Mark Morris, Karole Armitage and Peter Martins. All are in or just out of their 30s. All are prolific, highly visible both in the United States and abroad and controversial among dance critics.

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All profess an abiding allegiance to Balanchine, to technical discipline, to the refinements of decor as well as choreography. All embrace popular music, including rock or rock-influenced scores. All are smart, articulate and knowledgeable about many kinds of dancing. Perhaps most important, all are, or were, inimitable virtuosos; they understand their field from the inside out.

Mark Morris, the one with roots most firmly in modern and folk dancing, actually comes closest to making classic images as Winckelmann or Lessing would have defined them, looking back to the Greece of Sophocles and the *Laocoön*. A devotee of Baroque music, Morris is also the most learnedly musical of the choreographers, and he has absorbed the punctuated measure, sculptural cadences and gestural force of the opera in that period, whether he is setting Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* or Yoko Ono's *Dogtown*. The more you enjoy sophisticated relationships between movement and music, the more likely you are to be attracted to Morris's work. His understanding of dance history is also embracing. In the dances he made for himself and his company in the Seattle Opera's recent, modernized production of Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice*, one could find teasing references to Balanchine's *Chaconne* (which uses the same music) and to Isadora Duncan, who, like Morris, performed the "Dance of the Furies" as a solo.

Indeed, if you want to get a sense of Morris's own effect as a performer, look at the photographs of Duncan among Greek antiquities—the amazing early one of her poised mid-motion on half-toe in an outdoor theater, or those that Steichen took of her and her Isadorables at the Parthenon during the 1920s. Morris has the same long body and big presence, the same expressive neck, open face and voluble hands. What he does not have is the unveiled rapport with an audience; his is a much more ironic sensibility. And his refusal to cast emotions into the terms of male-female partnerships we associate with classic dancing limits his popular appeal. (His labile equations of gender, including roles for which men and women can be equally cast, coupled with his teasing irony, give some dance-goers the idea that he's trying to fool them.) I believe that Morris, the youngest of the group discussed here, has the greatest potential for making popular—and classic—dancing. At the moment, however, we are about to lose him to the Théâtre Royale de la Monnaie in Brussels, which has offered him and his company residency, support and a theater for six months of every year. The company will still have New York seasons, but will mature overseas.

Karole Armitage represents a bridge between ballet and some kinds of modern dance; her background includes experience dancing Balanchine with the Geneva Ballet and a number of years as a prominent member of Merce Cunningham's company. But the balletic elements in Cunningham's work are strong—verticality, turnout, emphasis on aerial movements and allegro footwork—and so one thinks of Armitage as purveying a balletic look, especially now that she's choreographing for ballet-trained dancers, with a stress on point technique and partnering. Armitage is the only one of the three artists mentioned here who seems to start from the premise of wanting the dancers to register as beautiful or noble. She is also the only one consistently to incorporate literary and pictorial themes into her work and to appropriate poses from Balanchine ballets—notably those of the late 1950s and early 1960s. She alone enjoys a truly crossover audience: During her Brooklyn Academy of Music season this past fall, one saw School of American Ballet patrons and rock superstars crisscrossing the lobby.

Exquisitely costumed by Christian Lacroix and David Salle, the attractive, well-rehearsed dancers gave the eye plenty to take in; and the complex, even esoteric dance structures—with their sallies through Renaissance history and beatnik style in the case of one work and through Balanchine's beatnik-era ballet in another—gave the mind plenty to think about. With remarkable self-knowledge, Armitage cast herself in op-

ON ANOTHER DEPARTURE, CHÂTILLON 1987

When silence enters and past times
are recollected as though a lens
had caught beloved images restored
to a brilliant sharpness they may or
may not have had when first perceived,
their look of timelessness down lanes
behind an ornate iron gate slightly ajar;
when such images of moments of former
happiness come back, of people and places,
the ease and oneness between them,
a walk, arm in arm, across a bridge,
among trees dimly lit by lamplight
the tentative urgings of desire:
the longing these arouse in us is not so much
for what actually happened as for
the promise they held, the sweet
anticipation as they occurred.
Years had to have taught us that of our ardent wishes
little has become real; of the beloved visage,
although appearing before us, there has been
no lasting possession. Ultimately, the perfection
of which we receive glimmering impressions
around houses, canals, faces looking up
at our approaching shadows, exists,
continues in its impenetrable realm,
its own glory of constant presence,
for us out of reach except that we
perceive, except that we may feel it. Reminded
of moments charged with its promise
we continue to look longingly toward
the gate to forgetfulness where at last
we shall be at home, absorbed in
the quiet splendor of its wholeness.

Arthur Gregor

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position to younger colleagues as a high-bred eccentric; her deadpan wit served to throw their youthful facility into relief. The contrast between styles was the subject of both *The Tarnished Angels* and *The Elizabethan Phrasing of the Late Albert Ayler*. Her influences matter much. In keeping with Cunningham's practice of detached collaboration, as well as with the organization of Salle's paintings, the observer is asked to work rather hard at making connections.

And yet, although Armitage's dances seem to present the conditions for classic art, they don't coalesce into directness of tone or intensity of image. One reason might be the unusually brief choreographic units in which she works. She tends not to sustain a dance long enough for the observer to internalize it; by the time you've taken in the stage picture and general mood, she's on to another setup. Even when she keeps a couple together for a while, as in *The Watteau Duets*, they are constantly switching shoes, or costumes, or dance vocabularies; their intimacy is never exactly presented, it's a quality to be deduced. Armitage's classicism is a function of implication, not construction. It finally makes for lively ideas but not for sustained dance.

Peter Martins, the co-ballet master in chief of the New York City Ballet, has the most traditionally classic background of these artists. Trained in the school of the Royal Danish Ballet, he came to prominence at the City Ballet under Balanchine, where he enjoyed success not only as a soloist—the definitive Apollo of his generation— but also as a great partner, notably to Suzanne Farrell. In childhood, Martins was an accomplished practitioner of ballroom dancing, and the virtuosity of partnering in his work is remarkably developed: At times, it looks as if his essential subject is the frontier between partnering and not partnering. How little support can the man offer and still offer support? How much can the ballerina handicap herself and still be a ballerina? (At one point in *Ecstatic Orange*, Heather Watts is brought by Jock Soto to a climactic pass while she "binds" her arms behind her, trapping her feet so that she supports herself on her kneecaps as his forefinger balances her under the chin.) With this line of inquiry, Martins develops a strain implicit in the Balanchine of *Agon*, and it's impossible not to admire

EVENTS.

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the delicacies of physical engineering he discovers.

Indeed, as far as certain fundamentals are concerned—the pinpointing of a dancer's balance, the maintenance of an allegro pulse in adagio time, the grisaille effects of continuous adjustments in placement—Martins is almost unbeatable. But his artistic authority wavers; he doesn't organize his discoveries in ways that project expressive images from the action. He doesn't seem to think in terms of analogies. And so, his dances provide excitement but no drama, calm but no balance, port de bras and steps but no gestures. The performers pass easily from one dance incident to the next; they coast through time. But the incidents don't cohere into a momentum, a poetic (i.e., connective) urgency. ***Ecstatic Orange*** and ***Calcium Light Night***, the two most successful of Martins's ballets, sustain what dance tension they possess by stringing out jokes or puns on technique rather than through analyzing and reaccenting a set of limited choreographic materials—Balanchine's method and Morris's and Armitage's aspiration. In some ways, Martins, the de facto heir of the master, is the farthest from him temperamentally.

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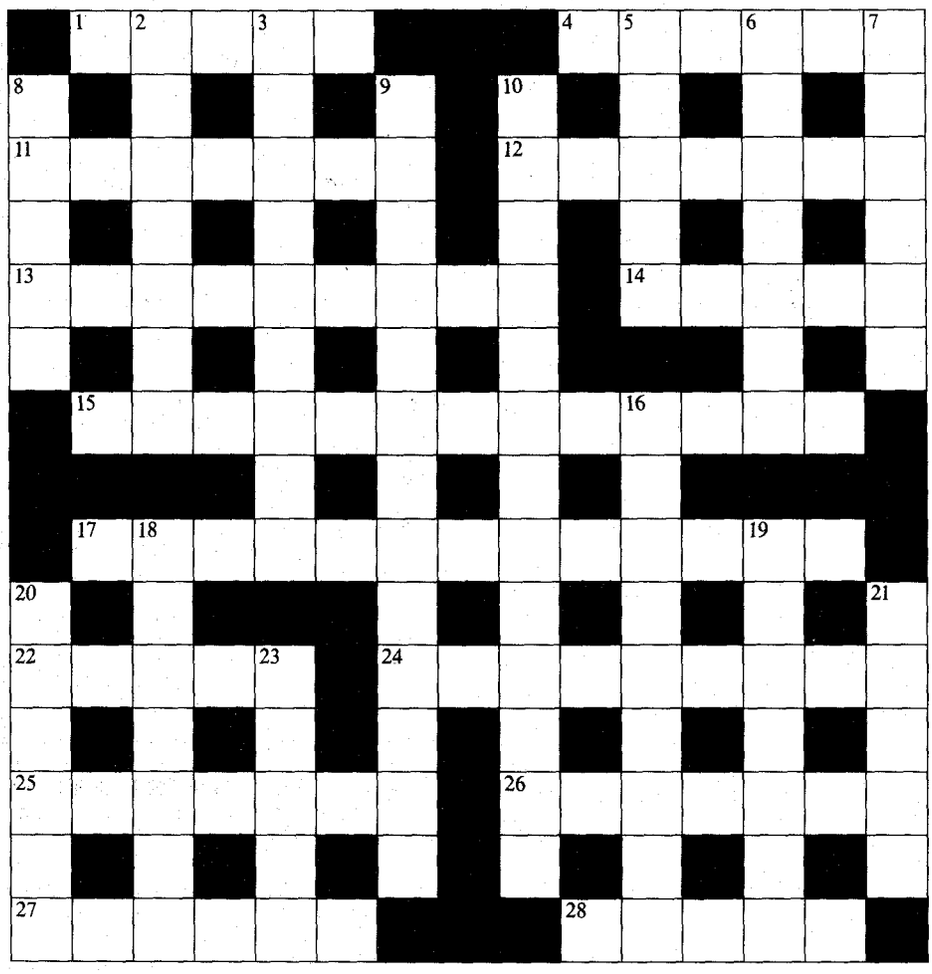

ACROSS

1 and 4 Play with a steak, rare or otherwise, like this. (2,3,4,2)
11 Go ahead determinedly, with iron possibly. (5,2)
12 Indulged in verbal self-advancement in a second-rate movie, rather loose and sloppy. (7)
13 Give up to another jurisdiction something in addition, tied somewhat loosely. (9)
14 To give the letters charm? (5)
15 Non-com/officer? With a maximum number of stripes, it might be material to the worker, and of most importance. (8,5)
17 If you say it's the work of man, it sounds correct. (Passing in Italy for a title.) (5,2,6)
22 It might contribute to crop failure, therefore, classically it fits to a T. (5)
24 One who reputedly gives Cupid some amusement might be called for, if you want to make something fast. (9)
25 The outbreak of a riot on what might be home ground for the Canadian. (7)
26 Evidently that little extra on the ball is not on, being a business of secondary importance. (7)
27 Some gamblers look for one, since my test was contrived to show it. (6)
28 It might be O.K., as a place for foreigners, but so's a Kansas city, as it shows! (5)

DOWN

2 Put your knife away, and as for the dish, eat heartily to show it. (7)
3 You can tell from a person's laugh, the coming attack is obvious. (9)
5 Religious leaders prove I'm a short form of writing. (5)
6 Proving in the case of certain painters you'll remember them not for what they did but where they reputedly came from! (2,5)
7 Katisha did away with it, as all aver. (7)
8 and 20 A sort of limit we might observe with attendant spirits—those that have a reputation for reckless driving. (5,6)
9 A person in France takes one in Germany with a Parisian friend, getting up sick on the very small chance of such things happening. (3,2,1,7)
10 Take us as an example, if you're talking about you and me—the legal affair being very free of personal bias. (9,4)
16 Professors of no knowledge? (9)
18 Set high positions possibly, with the halves quartered. (7)
19 An early Oregonian shows the material, all right! (7)
20 See 8
21 What a certain beetle might do is irritate! (5)
23 It offers great protection, obviously! (5)

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